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EVOLUTION ARGUMENTS.

In a recent number of the *Contemporary Review*, Dr. Charles Elam, in an article on the "Gospel of Evolution," asserts and maintains, with great ability, the position that the evidence in favor of the theory of Evolution is strained and contradictory; and "the theory itself has seemed to be founded upon and supported by suppositions that are directly opposed to all that we *know* with any certainty as to the continuance of species."

The doctrine of Evolution, as stated by Darwin and Huxley, is substantially this: that all forms whatever of vegetable and animal life were originally descended from some few, or perhaps *one* form, by some unexplained process of differentiation and variation. Families and species of animals tend to increase at a high geometrical ratio, but in the struggle for existence, the weaker disappear and the favored races survive. In the conflict of those, and in process of thousands or millions of generations, a new race is originated, and so on up to the highest organism. Mr. Darwin gives no opinion as to the origin of life. Mr. Huxley, however, denies any such thing as creation. Mr. Haeckel, a still later Darwinian, holds that there is but one force in the universe, and that mechanical. From this all things originated. There is no free will, and no spirit. The force of the magnet, steam, and human thought, are alike one, and mechanical.

Now for all this, Dr. Elam contends that there is not a particle of evidence. Not an example of "favorable variation," or favored races by natural selection, has ever been produced. It is all a theory. Nor has there been witnessed a slow and gradual but perceptible improvement in species generally, especially marked in those whose generations succeed each other rapidly. These things ought to appear if the law of development is always in operation. Natural selection, it is said, acts in preserving very *minute* variations of such a character as to enable the possessor to contend more successfully in the struggle for existence. It is a pretty theory, but there is not the shadow of evidence that a pimple on the nose was the origin of the powerful weapon of the swordfish. That pimple was useless in the first instance, and from the very fact of its being useless could never, by slight variations, have grown to what it is found to be to-day. Mr. Darwin himself admits that it seems "absurd in the highest possible degree" to suppose the eye, with all its wonderful mechanism, to have been formed by any process of natural selection. And yet by arguing how it might have been, he holds that it was.

Prof. Haeckel states that man originated from the worm. But the worm has no vertebra, and the vertebrata must be developed from something. He accordingly *invents* the Chordonia, and these were developed from the worm by the formation of a spinal marrow and a chordadorsalis. There is not a shadow of evidence that they existed. On what ground, then, does he make the statement? Why, that

they existed about the silurian period is "*most certain*"; because if they did not exist, the Arcadian, the amphioxus, and the acranial fishes would have been without an ancestor!

In like manner when he arrives at the amphibious animals, here another link is needed, which Haeckel is not slow to supply—the sozura. No one ever saw one, nor are there any proofs whatever of its existence. In fact the only proof he offers is "they are a necessary middle term between the preceding and the following orders." When again a difficulty is experienced in developing reptiles, birds, and mammalia, another order of beings called the protamniota is invented, and again another creature which he calls the promamalia. This animal no one ever saw, and Mr. Huxley admits that he does not suppose "any one is in a position to say" what it was. Then come several other orders up through the ape, gorilla, etc., to man. Speaking man came from the howling brute. And where, after such a wonderful discovery, are we to find the proof of this? In any animal remains? in any fossils? Not at all, but in comparative philology. Speech is developed from the howls, just as man is developed from the lower orders that preceded him. But no proof is produced for either theory.

Says Dr. Elam:

The first and most obvious consideration that strikes us, in entering upon the inquiry, is this, that all we *know with any certainty* concerning organic beings lends no support to any hypothesis of Evolution. History, observation, and experiment, alike proclaim the absolute constancy of specific forms—varying no doubt in secondary and non-essential characters to even an indefinite extent, but never passing the limits of the *species; species* being generally understood, in this argument, to imply a group of animals producing offspring continuously fertile, *inter se*, and with the parent stock. This is absolute and without exception. No one instance is known of the variation here implied. Species A invariably produces species A, and even though it may be A_1, or A_2, or A_3—or even A_n—each of these to the end of the chapter, presents the *physiological* characters of the parent A, and at no stage is there observable any modification of the original mutual fertility.

These disciples of Darwin seem to deem blind chance and the operation of mechanical forces capable of accounting for anything. But they consider, as the most preposterous of all things, the supposition of an intelligent and Omnipotent Creator. The folly of this, Dr. Elam exposes. He says:

If it be allowable to argue the point at all, then surely there is no difficulty in understanding how, under either theory, certain arrangements are brought about. If species A be *developed* ultimately into species B, and this again, after long ages, into species C, and so on through the alphabet, this evolution, by the terms of the hypothesis, takes place by virtue of each succeeding one being, in some small degree, better fitted for its *then* surroundings than its predecessor was or would have been. The theory of Evolution can only account for each animal having attained its present structure, appearance, functions, and geographical distribution, on the supposition that these were *most appropriate* to it, and to each other; any individual or family having an organization unfitting it to struggle with its surroundings, as climate, etc., being ruthlessly exterminated. In other words, *Evolution* has shaped out and located each species or race into that form and in that position which will be the most perfectly adapted to each other. In this sentence substitute "the Creator" for "Evolution," and we find fulfilled the very first and essential condition of all our ideas connected with intelligent creation.

Genealogical records are confessedly imperfect. This being admitted, one would suppose that Mr. Darwin and his followers would be cautious in

drawing such vast conclusions from such slender premises. Mr. Darwin admits that "geology surely does *not* reveal any such finely graduated organic chain"; and yet the gap of deficient records must be filled up with hypothesis! But Sir Charles Lyell finds in this defect an argument *against* the theory of development. He says: "It has always appeared to me that the advocates of progressive development have *too much overlooked* the imperfection of these records; and that, consequently, a large part of the generalizations in which they have indulged in regard to the first appearance of the different classes of animals, especially air-breathers, will have to be modified, or abandoned."

The utmost that can be said in favor of the development theory, is that the serial arrangements of some creatures prove a succession of forms in some respects similar, yet in some respects dissimilar, which *suggest* descent from a common ancestry, but *prove* nothing. They do not represent a different *species* — a group which produces offspring continuously fertile *inter se*, and not continuously fertile with allied groups. There are variations in animals according to climates and physical conditions, but no instances of one species being changed into another. But if so transformed, then, according to the development theory, each new species should be an *improvement* upon its predecessor. But is this so? Into what improved forms have the gigantic fishes of the old red sandstone developed? Compare the present puny races of modern reptiles with the mighty ones of the Oölete. "Where are the ponderous monsters that shook the Eocene and Miocene earth with their massive tread? Where is the megatherium, unless *improved* into the modern sloth?" asks Dr. Elam.

As to the supposed development of man from the ape, it is shown by Mr. Mivart that he "differs fundamentally from every other creature which presents itself to our senses; that he differs absolutely, and therefore differs in origin also." This difference is marked by "the possession of articulate speech, of a conscious reasoning and reflective faculty, of a moral sense and religious sentiment; by his conception of abstract ideas, by his faculties of judgment and conscious volition." In other words, whatever resemblance there may be in the bodily structure, "the divergence in *essential nature is practically infinite.*"

It is very strange what a wonderful power is exercised over some minds by the plausibility and coherence of a mere theory. If made generally consistent with itself, supported by some specious arguments, with a little touch of the marvellous, all this will pass for sound reasoning. They who read the works of Darwin and his followers, will do well to pause at each step and demand something more than assertion, something more than assumption, devised to save a theory from falling to pieces. Nothing less than clear and positive proof should be listened to when there are at stake such issues as the truth of the Bible and the existence of God.

INCOMPETENCY.

Mr. Richard Grant White has been writing to the New York *Times* letters which in no equivocal terms call in question the wisdom of our common school system. He does not object either to common schools or to their being supported by the State. But he takes the ground (which was assumed by ex-Governor Robinson) that it is not the business of the State to tax the people to furnish an advanced education to anybody. It should use

the public money to give only such an education as all good citizens need, and as all boys and girls are capable of receiving. They who wish their children to enjoy advantages beyond this, should, he thinks, pay for themselves. In fact, they who obtain this through the public schools are generally those who are able to pay for it. Thus the people are taxed to pay for the education of rich men's sons.

Quite a flutter has been created by these letters, and Mr. White has been compelled to defend himself, not so much against replies to what he has said, as to what he did not say. A prominent argument of his is that the public schools have failed to fit its pupils for the duties and business of life, and as a consequence, there is thrown upon the community an army of incompetents, who are failures in whatever they undertake, be the position high or low. This he endeavors to prove by examples, which he says are specimens of many which might be cited. And as for morals, he asserts that probably nine in ten of all the thieving, faithless men who make our recent social history a horror, received all the education they got in our public schools.

It has long been a complaint that on account of the fear of sectarianism, no very definite religious instruction could under any circumstances be imparted; and since the taking of the Bible from these schools, no religion whatever, except that which flows from the personal influence of the teachers. But the charge that the public schools are responsible for the present notorious and almost universal incompetency, is one which it will require statistics and an extended and discriminate marshalling of facts, to sustain.

But incompetency is the malady of the day, for which there must be a cause somewhere; and he will be a benefactor indeed who will search it out and prescribe a remedy. We have not thought, however, of looking for the seat of the disease in the common school system. But whatever may be the cause, there is no department in which it is not felt as a serious evil. It is a rare thing to find a journeyman mechanic who understands his business. We hear much of the distress of poor sewing women, and yet where can a dressmaker or seamstress who understands her trade be found? There are such of course, but the scarcity is a constant complaint among housekeepers. And servants—why families of large incomes who can pay the exorbitant wages demanded, are well supplied; but others—alas, every woman knows that the most difficult of all things is to find a competent and trustworthy servant. Yet there are women suffering in destitution, who if able to do either dressmaking or housework well, would find abundant employment and ample wages.

How far our common school system is responsible for this state of things, is a question which Mr. White and others engaged in the discussion will endeavor to show. But we imagine that a large part of the blame will be found to be due to that home training, or want of training, which never requires the exact fulfilment of any duty, and the Sunday-school system, which exacts almost nothing, and bribes attendance with toys and candies. Add to this what may be found in many a boarding or select, as well as public school, the carrying the children over so much ground in the text-books without any regard whatever to thoroughness, and the prevailing incompetency is in a very large degree accounted for.

BELGIUM AND THE ROMAN CHURCH.

Our readers have learned from the secular papers that there is a conflict between the Pope and Belgium, "the most Catholic country in existence." A prominent Belgian wrote, some years ago, that the history of that country "had shown that a Catholic nation was unfitted for a constitutional government, because the clergy were able to exercise, through the Confessional, an absolute control over the electors, and to turn the power of the State against itself." In that country the Roman Catholics far outnumber the Protestants. But from the peculiar circumstances of their history both being compelled to unite to resist a common tyranny, the Roman Catholics found themselves constrained, for their own interests, to become liberals, contending for liberty of conscience, liberty of education, and freedom of the press. This was the outcome of Dutch misgovernment. When Belgium became independent, therefore, a constitution was adopted which was an embodiment of the common ground upon which the old factions had long come to stand.

The Catholics of Belgium, unlike Catholics anywhere else, accepted the principle of religious equality; and the Liberals of Belgium, unlike Liberals, at least on the Continent, agreed to the principle of the Church's absolute independence of the control of the State. The Belgian Constitution, therefore, adopted the policy of the separation of Church and State, with the modification that the State was to pay the salaries of the clergy of all denominations, while it renounced all intervention in the government of any of them.

But with the overwhelming preponderance of the Roman Catholics, and their ability through the Confessional to mould the people to suit their own purposes, and their disposition to do so, it was found necessary to reduce the secular and political authority which the clergy possessed, and to hinder the people of Belgium from being educated more and more in a political creed adverse to their constitutional liberties. Accordingly a successful effort has been made to forbid the interference of the clergy with the schools supported by the State. A lucid statement of the case, by John Rae, we find in the *Contemporary Review* for August. We give an extract:

A new Education Act was passed two years ago, taking religion out of the list of subjects required to be taught by the national teachers in national schools, and abolishing a right which the clergy had enjoyed since 1842, of inspecting the secular instruction given in those schools. The Act, however, invited the clergy to provide for religious teaching in the schools, and offered them a room in the schoolhouses for the purpose, and it was only in the event of the clergy refusing to undertake this function that the national teacher was to be required to teach religion himself. This last proviso was no part of the original Act, but was a subsequent addition passed in order to meet the necessity of the case after the clergy had declined to have anything whatever to do with such schools. This Act was represented as an endeavor to realize more perfectly the original principle of the Constitution, the separation of Church and State; but its main, and indeed avowed, object was to curtail the political power of the Roman Catholic Church. The Liberals believed that Church in Belgium to be increasing at once in its hostility to modern institutions and in its power to paralyze them. Its spirit was growing more ultramontane every day, and its resources and ramifications in the country were becoming more abundant. It was felt, therefore, to be absolutely essential to the public safety to take the secular education of the people entirely out of the hands of the clergy, and so to prevent

the electors of the future from being trained up in a spirit of antagonism to the principles of the Constitution of which they were the ultimate arbiters.

The clergy took the Act in the sense in which it was given. They resented it with extraordinary violence. They declared that God had been thrust out of the schools, and they flatly declined the invitation addressed to them to bring Him back again. The control of the religious education of the country was, in their eyes, a worthless gift without the control of its secular education also. They accordingly took advantage of the liberty of instruction, which is the law in Belgium, and set up opposition schools of their own in every parish. They condemned the State schools from the altar, and forbade parents from sending their children to them or taking part in their management, under pain of excommunication. By such energetic measures, by incessantly exerting in every possible way—in the confessional, in the sick room, in visitation, in the pulpit—all the power of a bribery and intimidation not of this world, they succeeded in coercing a third of the children of Belgium into their schools, and they excommunicated the parents of the rest. They thus carried the war into every household of the country, and the kingdom trembled with excitement from side to side.

This condition of affairs was naturally prejudicial both to the interests of the State and to those of the Church, and the Government appealed to the Pope, through the ordinary diplomatic channels of communication, to interfere to restrain the Belgian bishops from persisting in such violent courses. The Pope replied that, while he entertained the same opinion of the new Education Act as the bishops did, he thought they had gone too far in their measures of opposition, and promised to exercise his influence in the interest of moderation. The bishops continued their campaign all the same, and bent all their strength upon gaining a majority in favor of the repeal of the new Act at the elections of June this year. They failed, however. These elections resulted in a slight gain to the Liberals, and have shown that the political influence of the Church in Belgium is less than it was generally believed to be. It is strong enough, however, to cause grave anxiety to the Government and to all friends of progress, and as there is an election in Belgium every second year, there is great danger, in a condition of things where parties are so equally divided on so agitating a subject, lest the people should be kept in an unintermittent fever of political ferment, and delivered over, as Prince de Ligne, late President of the Belgian Senate, and a warm Liberal, said they would by the new Act be delivered over, to a perpetual warfare of irreconcilable factions, which could only end in the exhaustion or disintegration of the kingdom. The battle is still raging.

The Pope, being pressed by the Government to fulfil his promise of restraining the bishops from the extremities they were resorting to, has answered by openly taking the bishops' part, and virtually saying that when he previously expressed disapproval of the lengths to which the bishops had gone, he did so only because he believed there was then still hope left of obtaining their end by more moderate measures. The idea of submitting in any degree to the new Education Act was as far from his thoughts as from theirs, and he entirely seconded their efforts to resist it. On receiving so explicit an answer the Belgian Government resolved to withdraw their ambassador from the Vatican, not, as has been represented, on account of the duplicity which the Pope betrayed in the negotiations—for it would not be fair to see absolute duplicity in a reticence not unusual in diplomacy—but on account of the attitude of declared hostility which the Pope had at length assumed to the Belgian State. This step is highly important, because it caused an open rupture between the most Catholic country in Europe and the Holy See, and the Government is following it up by other vigorous, though perhaps less justifiable measures. It refused to permit a Catholic demonstration at Antwerp, and it has cut off the salaries of certain parish priests who have been exciting commotion in their districts on the subject. It has even proposed to abolish State support to the Church altogether; which would have the double advantage of realizing more perfectly

the fundamental principle of the Belgian Constitution, that of the separation of Church and State, and at the same time of drying up the resources by which the Church is at present enabled to set up schools and resist the new law; for the contributions which now go to the latter object would then be required for the former.

In its struggle with the Papacy Belgium stands on much more advantageous ground, and has shown a much more scrupulous respect for modern liberties than either republican France or Protestant Germany. It has not interfered with a single right to which the Church may legitimately lay claim. The Liberals of Belgium have as profound a horror of the political and secular ascendancy of the Church of Rome as other Continental politicians; but, while taking from it its civil immunities and prerogatives, they have never overstepped the line separating the temporal from the spiritual, but have granted the Church full liberty in its own religious province. They have done so because they have as much horror of the undue intervention of the State power as of the Church power. There are, probably, no two politicians who stand wider apart than Prince Bismarck and M. Clemenceau, yet the one is as absolutist in his conception of State authority as the other. Bismarck could not present a more extensive claim for the State than M. Clemenceau, when he said "Render unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's, and everything is Cæsar's." Now the Belgian Government says, Everything is not Cæsar's: religion is not Cæsar's, it is the Church's affair; the regulation of worship, the education and admission of clergy, the appointment of bishops, the religious instruction of the young, are all concerns of the Church; let the Church do with them as she will. But secular instruction it is the business of the State to provide, and civil offences it is the business of the State to try, and the ecclesiastical claim of control over the one, or of immunity from civil jurisdiction for the other, is illegitimate and not to be entertained. Standing, therefore, on such just ground, the State has much less to fear from a continuance of the conflict than the Church. The agitation will be trying, will be in many ways mischievous; but many prejudices will be shaken by it; the limits of Church power and its grounds will be put to open debate in quarters hitherto inaccessible to the faintest spark of troublesome inquiry; and truth and justice must gain in the end by it all.

Belgian independence is thus celebrated under a more or less portentous shadow. By a curious coincidence the country is called to contend for the independence of its civil power at the moment it had set apart for commemorating its national independence. The bishops have refused to take the part in that commemoration which was originally assigned to them. But the people's thanksgivings will be as sincere and as acceptable as if they were pronounced by anointed lips; and perhaps, when they think of it, they have few more real causes of thanksgiving to record than that they have been condemned from the first to a long and constant fight for their liberties against the Catholic Church. It has been said that he only is a freeman who daily conquers his freedom for himself. The conflict with Rome has made free men of the Belgians. It has filled them with the spirit and the instincts of free men in a measure which is hardly anywhere else exhibited except among the Anglo-Saxon race. The cloud which has so long hung over Belgium may have broken at an unseasonable hour, but it will not find the country unprepared for it. The present act of the drama may not be the last, but none in the future can be more decisive. If Rome is defeated with the resources it has now called into the field, it cannot hope to succeed better by any subsequent movement: and if the Belgian Government holds its own against its present odds, it will have settled for itself and other Catholic nations the problem of the fate of modern constitutional liberties in Catholic countries.

Sins grow, like grapes, but in clusters. We usually say, he that will swear will lie; and he that will lie will steal; and he that will do all these, will do anything. Satan is a serpent; if the head be once in, his whole body will not be long behind.—*Bishop Henshaw.*

[Written for The Church Monthly Magazine.]

EVENINGS WITH MY PARISHIONERS.

Chapter IX.—Private Judgment.

The closing exercises of the Union School had recently been held, and in the speeches and essays of both sexes, the American eagle had as usual appeared, as also a laudation of our Puritan forefathers, our glorious institutions, freedom of the press, and religious liberty. All this is well, provided the authors understand *all* the facts in the case. But the crowning effort of the occasion was an address from a distinguished "educator" from the East, who in his laudation of liberty of thought, speech, and action, hurled thunderbolts at kingcraft and priestcraft, and spoke of the folly and madness of attempting to establish Church authority over individuals, and fetter their private judgment. He evidently intended that some of his precious balms should fall upon the heads of Churchmen.

I was confident that Private Judgment would be the subject for consideration at our next evening meeting; nor was I disappointed. It was the evening after the occasion above mentioned, when Mr. Bion introduced the subject by saying that he thought the speaker classed us with the Roman Catholics as being arrogant in our pretensions, and fettering the liberty of thought, denying the right of private judgment. He said he had heard this charge made against the Church before. Yet, as a matter of experience, he had never felt any such fetters upon himself. In all the Church books he had read, and they were not a few, he had never found an argument which was not so addressed to his understanding as to imply that he must decide and act for himself.

Mrs. West was sure that she had heard a great deal about the Episcopal Church denying the right of private judgment to its members, and there seemed to be an opinion prevailing outside of the Church that such was the case. As for her, she should like to see the Church that would attempt to stand between her and her conscience.

Mr. Emerson said that he had a Roman Catholic neighbor, with whom he occasionally talked upon religious matters, and who pointed to the multiplicity of contending sects as one pernicious consequence of private judgment. That as no two persons could think alike, sects would continue to multiply, and infidels would continue to be made. There was no security against this but in submitting to the authority of the Church.

'Did he ever,' I asked, 'argue with you to persuade you that Romanism was right and Protestantism was wrong?'

'On several occasions,' was the reply.

'Did he,' I again asked, 'tell you that you *must* submit to the Church, without giving you any reasons for so doing?'

'Certainly not.'

'Then in laying before you reasons and arguments, he appealed to your private judgment.'

'That is so,' said several voices around me.

'Here then,' said I, 'is a person who holds that you are wrong in exercising your private judgment in religion, yet expects to convince you of your error by appealing to your private judgment. You are asked to exercise your private judgment in order to decide whether you shall give up your private judgment or not.'

My listeners assented to this without hesitation.

'But I go further,' I said. 'That friend of yours remains in the Roman Catholic Church. Why? Because his private judgment decides that he ought to do so. He would perhaps deny this, and say that it is the authority of his Church. But his private judgment decides that he will submit to that authority.'

'Then it seems,' said Mr. Stiles, 'that there is no escape from private judgment. Every man has to decide for himself under any circumstances. But I know this, that I have read many allusions to the subject, and I have heard people, considered as good Churchmen, deny that the individual has a right to exercise his private judgment. I was even under the impression that our rector held substantially the same view; though after what has just been said, I must have been mistaken.'

Without replying to this, I went on to say: 'Few persons are quite aware of the responsibility involved in this right which God has given us. I preach the Gospel. A man accepts or rejects it. I place in one's hands the Bible; he believes it or he denies its truth. I assert the obligation of the Ten Commandments. One refuses to acknowledge it. In all this I appeal to the understanding, the conscience, and the heart of the individual. On the reception or rejection of the message depends the salvation of the soul. Here is a terrible responsibility resting upon the mere private judgment of the individual.'

'But,' broke in Mr. Prudon, 'I presume a person will not be held responsible if he is sincerely in error.'

'What!' said I, 'not if he has the means of knowing the right?'

'Well, no,' he replied with some hesitation.

'Let us then leave out of consideration,' said I, 'those who never heard of the Gospel, and never had the means of knowing the truth. Do you find in the Bible any ground for holding that God's truth is to be believed, and His commands obeyed, only by those who think they ought to believe and obey? When He said thou shalt do no murder, nor bear false witness, nor steal, was it meant that these commands were binding only upon those whose private judgment approved of them? You perceive at once that no law, divine or human, can have any binding force unless it can exact obedience from men, no matter what their opinions may be. Now take again a matter of belief. Our Lord said "He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved. He that believeth not, shall be damned." Did He mean what He said? If He did, be sure at the last day the excuse will not be taken "The evidences of Christianity were not satisfactory to my private judgment."'

There was a pause. At length Mr. White said: 'But does it not seem a hard saying that one must suffer for his mistakes when he is honestly in error?'

'The Author of revelation,' I replied, 'is the Author of nature. How is it in nature? A person is sick with a dangerous disease. There are physicians and remedies in abundance. He does not care to be dictated to by others. He submits his private judgment to no man. He doctors himself as he thinks best, and dies. A man sees a can of nitro-glycerine, and is told to avoid it. But no, he does not care what others think, he means to satisfy himself. Private judgment is a God-given right, and he means to exercise it. He does so, goes up, turns over the can, and suffers the consequences.'

'But, Doctor,' said Mr. Prudon, 'are not these extreme, not to say insupposable cases?'

'What else,' I replied, 'does the unlimited exercise of private judgment imply? A person who takes the ground that he must exercise his private judgment in all cases, and take nothing upon the dictum of others, must believe nothing and do nothing that he has not investigated for himself.'

'But suppose he is not competent,' said a voice.

'No person has time for all this, even if he were competent,' said another.

'Very well, then,' I replied, 'you admit that there are limits to the exercise of private judgment. We believe what astronomers tell us of the stars and their movements, and we accept the results of their minute and extensive calculations without questioning. We believe history, at least so far as its principal statements are concerned; but what one of us ever examined for himself the testimony on which the statements in regard to Xerxes, Alexander, Cæsar, and others rest? We will go and invest our money in a bank to-morrow, and yet we do not know from personal examination the soundness of the institution. Thus every day, in a hundred different ways, whatever our *theory* may be, we do practically act *on some other authority* than the testimony of our own private judgment. Or to put it in another way. Our own common-sense—which is private judgment—teaches us that there are others as wise and more learned, and full as honest, as ourselves, and instead of examining everything for ourselves, we are guided by their wisdom, learning, and honesty.'

'Does not this amount,' asked Mr. Emerson, 'to what you said about my Roman Catholic friend, that one's private judgment leads him to consent to renounce his private judgment?'

'Not quite,' I replied, 'as I shall endeavor to show you presently. But these absurdities, which you call extreme cases, are just what we see in religious matters. A person who has no learning, and hardly sufficient wisdom to sit on a jury in a justice's court, studies his Bible, as he should, but does not understand it as others do. It may be on some point on which there are volumes of theological lore, but he thinks differently from commentators generally, and perhaps leaves his Church. Another thinks he understands all about the mysterious utterances of Daniel and St. John, and has an interpretation of prophecy which he holds it essential that others should adopt. Any one can readily multiply examples. But the point to which I now wish to direct your attention is the fact that as in the practical affairs of every-day life we do not and cannot investigate everything for ourselves, so is it in religion.

'Take this case. I think I am right in saying that there is not one person here who does not receive the Bible as the revealed Word of God. Now how many of you have ever examined the testimony and the arguments on which the particular books which go to make the Bible are proved to be genuine and authentic? Not one. Furthermore, we are not competent to do it. The simple fact is that the Church is older than the Bible; and—to speak now particularly of the New Testament—when the Church began to assume a coherent form, and it became necessary to decide which books among many were genuine, were written by the authors whose names they bore, and were inspired—in an age when this could be done the canon of Scripture was settled. We receive it not because our private judgment has been satisfied as to the claims of each particular part, but because a compe-

tent authority has so decided. It is like what we do in secular matters. We receive history without searching the origin of history for ourselves. So again with regard to some of the doctrines of Scripture. I admit that those plain, practical precepts of piety are so simple that "the wayfaring man, though a fool, need not err therein"; but when we can show that certain usages have been acknowledged, and certain doctrines assented to by Christians from the earliest date, and are still assented to by the ablest divines and scholars, why for a person with no pretensions to profound learning and wisdom, to set up his shallow judgment in opposition thereto, argues a conceit, to say the least incompatible with Christian humility.'

'But,' asked Mr. Prudon, 'does not this imply the giving up of private judgment altogether?'

'Not at all,' I replied. 'It implies just what we see in every-day life. A man who is to mend a watch must be a watchmaker. If he were not this, you would not be so unwise as to employ him for that purpose, however good a blacksmith he might be. If you have some substance which you fear is poison, you go to a chemist to settle your doubts. If you are sick with a complicated disease, you seek the best read and most skilful physician. Now turn your eyes to that library. There are volumes upon volumes of criticism on the text of Scripture, investigations as to the genuineness of certain passages, historical researches throwing light upon the sacred volume. And what do these imply? They imply that scholars have given these subjects their careful and candid investigation. That is their business, their specialty. They are listened to with respect, and their judgments have influence. They are exercising their private judgment upon matters upon which they are competent to judge, and the result is a confirmation of the genuineness of our canon and of the teachings of the Church universal.

'And now,' said I, 'there are some points connected with this subject which will necessarily come up in our next topic. But before we close, let me say one word with regard to the question my friend Mr. Emerson has asked. In the Church of Rome the individual yields his conscience and reason to his spiritual director. That director is in submission to another over him, and so on. When one has once placed himself in that Church, then the independent exercise of his reason becomes a sin. This is not as St. Augustine understood the position of the private Christian. He says: "Authority is first in *time*, but reason in *fact*. The learner must believe, but when taught, he ought to judge."'

NOTE.—The Rev. Dr. Shedd, the learned Professor of Biblical Literature in the Union Theological Seminary, New York, thus states the position of St. Augustine:

The individual, in the opinion of Augustine, is to respect the authority of the Church in seeking an answer to the questions, What books are canonical and what apocryphal? And what is the doctrinal system contained in them? In answering these questions, he contended that the Church universal had an authority higher than that of any one member, and higher particularly than a man like Manichæus, who claimed to be an inspired Apostle. When, therefore, a single individual, or a party like the Manichæans, insisted that they were right in rejecting certain portions of the Canon that had been and still were deemed canonical by the Church at large, and in deriving from the portons of it which they acknowledged to be of Divine authority, a set of doctrines respecting the origin and nature of evil, such as the Apostolic and Catholic Church did not find in the

Scriptures, when the individual and the heretical party in this way opposed their private judgment to the catholic judgment, Augustine denies the reasonableness of the procedure. He affirms the greater probability of the correctness of the catholic mind in comparison with the heretical or schismatical mind, and thereby the *authority* of the Church in relation to the individual, without, however, dreaming of its absolute *infallibility*—an attribute which he confines to the written revelation. — *A History of Christian Doctrine*, vol. i., p. 146–7.

ROMAN CREATURE WORSHIP.

There is one thing which *is* certain about the Roman Church, that it directly and plainly contradicts the revealed will of God in several important particulars. Here are some of them.

Throughout the entire *Old* Testament God Almighty continually reveals and declares Himself as a *jealous* God, one Who will not share a tittle of His rights and glory with another. 'I, the Lord thy God, am a jealous God' (Exod. xx. 5). 'I am the Lord; that is My name; and My glory will I not give to another, neither My praise to graven images' (Isaiah xlii. 8), etc. Throughout the entire *New* Testament the Lord Jesus Christ declares Himself, and is declared by His apostles, to be the one, single, and only Way to the Father; to be perfect and entire in His human love for man, His intercession and His answer to prayer: 'No man cometh unto the Father but by Me' (St. John xiv. 6). 'If ye shall ask anything in My name I will do it' (St. John xiv. 14). 'Come unto Me all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest' (St. Matt. xi. 28). 'Love one another, as I have loved you.' 'I am the Good Shepherd, and know My sheep, . . . and I lay down My life for the sheep' (St. John x. 14, 15). 'Neither is there salvation in any other; for there is none other name under heaven given among men whereby we must be saved' (Acts iv. 12). 'There is one Mediator between God and man—the man Christ Jesus, who gave Himself a ransom for all' (1 Tim. ii. 5, 6). 'The love of Christ passeth knowledge' (Eph. iii. 19). 'It behooved Him to be made like unto His brethren, that He might be a merciful and faithful High Priest in things pertaining to God, to make reconciliation for the sins of the people' (Heb. ii. 17). 'Wherefore He is able also to save them to the uttermost that come unto God by Him, seeing He ever liveth to make intercession for them' (Heb. vii. 25), etc.

We have only four examples in the New Testament of acts of reverence being done to saints, and in all these cases *they were promptly rejected and forbidden*, showing that they were offensive to the saints as savoring of disloyalty to that God whom they love and serve.

'And as Peter was coming in, Cornelius met him and fell down at his feet and worshipped him. But Peter took him up, saying, Stand up, I myself also am a man' (Acts x. 25, 26).

'Then the priest of Jupiter . . . would have done sacrifice with the people; which when the apostles Barnabas and Paul heard of, they rent their clothes, and ran in among the people, crying out, and saying, Sirs, why do ye these things? We also are men of like passions with you, and preach unto you, that ye should turn from these vanities to serve the living God' (Acts xiv. 13–15).

'And I [John] fell at his feet [the angel's] to worship him. And he said unto me, See thou do it. I am thy fellow-servant, and of thy brethren that have the testimony of Jesus—worship God' (Rev. xix. 10).

'I fell down to worship before the feet of the angel which showed me these things. Then saith he unto me, See thou do it not, for I am thy fellow-servant; . . . worship God' (Rev. xxii. 8, 9).

Contrariwise, our Lord Jesus Christ never refused nor blamed an act of worship offered to Himself, thereby showing that there is a fundamental principle involved. (St. Matt. ii. 11, viii. 2, ix. 18, xiv. 33, xv. 25, xviii. 16, xx. 20, xxviii. 9, 17; St. Mark v. 6; St. John ix. 38; Heb. i. 6; Rev. v. 8.)

Nevertheless, in direct rebellion against the plain letter and spirit of both the Old and New Testaments, the Roman Church practically compels her children to offer far more prayers to deceased human beings

than they address to the Father or to Christ. It is not true, as is often alleged in defence, that the prayers of the departed saints are asked only in the same sense as those of living ones, with the added thought that they are now more able to pray effectually for us. The petitions are not at all limited to a mere 'pray for us,' but are constantly of exactly the same kind and wording as those addressed to Almighty God, and are offered kneeling, and in the course of divine service, which is not how we ever ask the prayers of living friends. A few specimens are here set down from the 'Raccolta' (Eng. Transl., Burns & Oates, 1873), a collection of prayers specially indulgenced by the popes, and therefore of indisputable authority in the Roman Church.

1. 'Hail, queen, mother of mercy, our life, sweetness, and hope, all hail! To thee we cry, banished sons of Eve, to thee we sigh, groaning and weeping in this vale of tears. Turn then, O our advocate, thy merciful eyes to us, and after this our exile, show us Jesus, the blessed fruit of thy womb, O merciful, O loving, O sweet Virgin Mary.

'V. Make me worthy to praise thee, O sacred virgin.

'R. Give me strength against thine enemies.'

2. 'We fly beneath thy shelter, O holy mother of God; despise not our petitions in our necessities, and deliver us always from all perils, O glorious and blessed virgin.'

3. 'Heart of Mary, mother of God, . . . worthy of all the veneration of angels and men, . . . Heart full of goodness, ever-compassionate towards our sufferings, vouchsafe to thaw our icy hearts. . . . In thee let the holy Church find safe shelter; protect it, and be its sweet asylum, its tower of strength. . . . Be thou our help in need, our comfort in trouble, our strength in temptation, our refuge in persecution, our aid in all dangers.' . . .

4. 'Sweet heart of Mary, be my salvation.'

5. 'Leave me not, my mother, in my own hands, or I am lost. Let me but cling to thee. Save me, my hope, save me from hell.'

6. 'Michael, glorious prince, chief and champion of the heavenly host, . . . vouchsafe to free us from every evil, who with full confidence have recourse to thee.'

7. 'Benign Joseph, our guide, protect us and the holy Church.'

8. 'Guardian of virgins, and holy father Joseph, to whose faithful keeping Christ Jesus, innocence itself, and Mary, virgin of virgins, were committed, I pray and beseech thee by these two dear pledges, Jesus and Mary, that being preserved from all uncleanness, I may with spotless mind, pure heart, and chaste body, ever most chastely serve Jesus and Mary. Amen.'

These are only a few specimens culled out of many, and it is easy to test their true nature by substituting the names of the Father and Christ for those which occur in them; so nothing less can be said than they encroach sorely on the incommunicable attributes of God. Even if they did not, the whole practice of the invocation of saints is founded on pure *guesswork*. Not one syllable can be discovered in the Old or New Testament which gives the least ground or suggestion of it; God has never been pleased to reveal it, nor can the smallest evidence or trace of it be found for nearly four hundred years after Christ. It is at best a mere conjecture that the saints do know what passes on earth, and can hear and join in the prayers of the faithful. It *may* be so, but God has not chosen to make it known to us, and it is a very perilous thing to fly in the face of His holy Word on the mere chance that a guess of ours may be correct; a guess, too, which casts a doubt on the perfect sympathy of Christ.—*Dr. Littledale's Plain Reasons.*

Says Prof. Blackie: The end of life is not the acquisition of knowledge, nor the display of knowledge, nor the exercise of any energy belonging to the cognitive department of our constitution—but the formation of character. What is character? Character is the moral type impressed upon a man by the habitual exercise of noble emotions and a well-trained will.

Our pleasant recollections promote cheerfulness, and painful ones gloom. Thus the happiness that flows from the right regulation of the feelings tends to perpetuate itself.

[Written for The Church Monthly Magazine.]

NOTES FROM NATURE.

Aug. 30, 1880.—A real old-fashioned storm is raging, of the kind that seems so much less frequent now than formerly. When we first came to live near the Sound, it was no uncommon thing to have storms lasting for three days, but seldom now do both rain and gale continue over one. Except for the uniform green tint of grass and trees (deeper now than usual on account of the August showers) a stranger, looking from our east windows to-day, would find it difficult to make a correct guess at the season of the year. The trees are tossing and twisting in the wind, which shrieks and howls through every crevice. The black and sullen water, with its white-capped waves, tosses and tumbles against every exposed reef and rocky headland; while the lowering sky at first glance seems filled with whirling leaves, but a second look shows them to be crowds of swallows, trying in vain to make headway against the strong north wind, which drifts them hither and thither, till the air seems filled with myriads of dark snow-flakes, which continue all through the day to circle aimlessly about, so that I never raise my eyes but I find myself murmuring the familiar words of the old song

"When the swallows homeward fly"—

for this I take to be the true interpretation of the scene—a southward flight and a new home.

Sept. 6th.—A friend writing from the North says "The birds are gone"; and seldom have so few words impressed me so strongly, for here it seems as if we were never without *some* birds, even during the Winter, and this Summer their number has been more noticeable than ever, with one exception. (I have not noticed any bobolinks, always plenty enough in former years.) After reading that sentence, I glanced involuntarily toward the Norway spruce by the south piazza, but not a motion rattled the twigs. I listened, and no sound of any bird was there. And all through the week the silence has oppressed me—the more so because I do not remember to have ever observed it before. It had struck me that the crows were unusually noisy, and I had called the attention of the family to the melancholy note of the peewee, as something rather out of the common, but it was dreadful to discover that, with those exceptions, all other birds had suddenly vanished. Twice at early morning have I heard a subdued little twitter without, and peeping through the closed shutter, have found it to proceed from the same dejected-looking peewee who haunts the balconies and piazzas, while the crows are almost as aggressive as in midwinter. In strange contrast are a couple of hummingbirds, which we notice daily flitting about the cannas and salvias on the lawn, but since the end of August I have seen or heard no others of the feathered tribe.

But though quietness has suddenly descended on the days, the nights are noisy enough with the ceaseless and irritating cry of the katydids. Night is the proper time for silence, and their incessant shrill voices appear to me utterly out of place and out of keeping with what should be calm and tranquil. But since there *are* people to whom their song is a source of enjoyment, let us not complain of them.

If the birds have failed us, we can still enjoy the Summer flowers, which have now recovered from the early drought, and begin to show the effects of the constant August showers. Roses, mignonette, and heliotrope are

now blooming much better than in June, and crocuses—not the early Spring flowers of that name, but the Autumn crocus, or *Colchicum Autumnale*, which, with its usual promptness, forced its delicate lilac blossoms through the soil on the 31st. This large clump of frail-looking flowers, without a vestige of foliage, presents an odd appearance, and is always regarded by strangers with curiosity. Unlike the Spring crocus, the blooms, when placed in water, soon open widely, and remain thus, and a large cluster of them arranged with geranium leaves, has a very pretty as well as puzzling effect. In May one can study the foliage, which consists of very large leaves—three on a stalk—very similar to those of the familiar "Jack-in-the-Pulpit." These will have entirely disappeared before July, and by September the blossoms are again pushing upwards. The great trouble with such plants is to prevent any one from digging in their vicinity, since if undisturbed, the flowers are of course finer; but it is hard to make one's gardener understand that there is any thing growing in an apparently vacant spot, even the day before the flowers are visible; and to be sure, what can be more like magic than the change from a bare spot of soil one day to large clusters of purple bloom the next?

By the roadsides, the earliest golden-rod has come and gone, but the later varieties seem to linger somewhat in their advance, and none of the aster tribe have as yet made their appearance. The little purple gerardia has been on hand for a week. A very pretty plant, but only seen to advantage in the spot where it grows, since the blossoms fall off sadly in the attempt to gather them. The jewel-weed has hung out its golden slippers for some time past; and the dodder, with which strange plant I imagine few people are familiar, has draped the swamps with its amber threads. I obtained a near view of this plant for the first time last Summer, when some one brought in a stalk of golden-rod, completely entwined in a network of its yellow threads, upon which, at intervals, were little clusters of flowers exactly resembling seed-pearls. It was as if the golden-rod wore a tiara of pearls and gold. Another twining plant, which we do not notice every season, was very plenty this year—the glycine or ground-nut, with its oddly-colored brownish-pink blossoms, which have a strong odor of orris-root. By the way, I wonder how many are aware of the fact that *'orris'* is the root of the Florentine *Iris*?

Sept. 9th.—The three days preceding the 3d of this month seemed the most oppressively warm of the season, and we longed for, even while we dreaded, the change which to-day is in our midst. The scene from the east windows is even more tumultuous than that of ten days ago, since the wind is heavier, and the tide higher than it was then. Long Island, four miles distant, is blotted out by the advancing rain-cloud, so that the horizon-line to the south is but a waste of uneasy, restless water, beyond the the green slope where the wild carrots toss their tufted heads. To the east, the green level of the salt marsh with its fringe of weeds and grasses, is now an open sea, heaving and surging before the driving gale, which lays the tall weeds nearly prostrate, and assaults the trees with such fury that they seem to turn their backs and bow their heads before it. Beyond the island, which faces the marsh, one sees at intervals clouds of spray rising from the ruined waves which have dashed themselves to pieces on its rocky ramparts.

The rain is falling in torrents, and

now and again through its grey cloud we catch a glimpse of a vessel apparently hurrying directly to its doom, but the curtain falls again, and hides it from our sight. A large hawk has just dashed downward, very close to the window, the little peewee sits huddled together on the piazza-step, and altogether the picture is too sadly suggestive of the fact that the Summer is over and gone, and that when the storm shall have cleared away, the reign of Autumn will be well inaugurated.

KELAH.

[Written for The Church Monthly Magazine.]

TWO OLD WOMEN OF LUDDINGTON.

Granny Isbestor, as she was familiarly called, lived in the little cottage at the end of the lane which led out to the unoccupied meadows of Luddington village. I can hardly say unoccupied, for though the Luddingtonians had not put cottages and villas about them, yet they were occupied through the long Summer months by as goodly a herd of cows as ever grazed in meadows. And these cows belonged mostly to old Granny Isbestor.

Elizabeth Isbestor was born in Eng-

land, and when very young embarked with her father (a young miner) for that paradise of foreigners, America. Safely landed on these shores, and finding plenty of profitable work, John Isbestor soon made for himself and family a comfortable home. The lessons of thrift early inculcated, were not the only teaching which the hard-working John gave his children, for, said he, 'without good religious training this will be apt to make them selfish and narrow-minded.' So the little Elizabeth and her brother were early taught to attend church and Sunday-school, and to take delight in the good reading with which John filled the little kitchen shelf. They chose, too, as playfellows those children similarly taught, so that the evil communications of others did not corrupt their good manners.

But poor John's troubles came at last, when his faithful wife was taken from him and laid in the village churchyard, and not many months after poor John himself was brought home on a stretcher, the victim of one of those fearful calamities the dread of which hangs like a pall over so many mining districts. So the little Elizabeth kept the cottage for awhile, till it was thought best for a kind farmer, many miles away, to take her little brother and bring him up to be a farmer; and then for a few years Elizabeth lived with one and another of the miners' families until she reached the age of twenty-one, and the little store in the bank, from the sale of the old home, added to her accumulated savings, reached a sum sufficient to buy the little cottage out of Luddington—a pretty village beyond the mining district, where we find her at the beginning of this sketch. She had never married, but her cottage was never lonely, for with a far-seeing charity, which went hand in hand with her economy and work, she found out many a child left without care and training, and for a few years bent her energies to make it a useful Christian man or woman. Housework, out-of-door work—everything she taught them in the way of honest work it was good for them to know, for, said she, you really never know when this knowledge will be useful to you.

Then again, she searched out some feeble old woman or delicate girl, who but for her would have known no home but the poorhouse, and made them spend their last years by the comfortable fireside and homely board of her cottage. These welcomed her from her daily round of duties, and after supper ended, she read to them by the cheerful lamp-light, and always finished the day with a chapter from their carefully-cherished English Bible, in which she had learned so much of 'the charity which seeketh not her own.'

At the other end of the town lived Maggie McSpaddon, in a cottage much like Granny Isbestor's, except in the want of neatness and absence of thrift. Mistress McSpaddon emigrated to this country forty years before from the North of Ireland. She had lived for many years in this cottage while her girls and boys had grown up about her — two working in shops, and one out at service, while her husband earned an honest living in the care of half a dozen of the small gardens of the villagers. But Mistress McSpaddon was a contrast to her friend at the other end of the town. Nothing with her seemed to prosper, and she was going down to old age with a countenance which continually told the story that with her everything went wrong, and between her and the world a constant war waged. I have given this little description of my two friends (for

they were both within the circle of my visiting district), that you may better understand a conversation which I overheard as they were walking together on their return from market.

'Well, Granny, good-morning. How are ye this morning? Well as usual, I suppose. Ye never are ill, that I hear on.'

'O yes, I have my little pains and aches occasionally, but those are nothing when we think what a long life the good Lord has given me, and how many years of health I have enjoyed. If I didn't have pains sometimes, I might forget what many of His poor lambs have to suffer.'

'Well, now, that's a curious way to look at it. I always feel that no one knows what with mind and body both I *do* suffer, and it seems as though all my life I had been worried out with one thing and another. Now there is our Jem; two years he has been with John Bright the tinman, and worked hard too; but Nancy Force's boy has just been promoted right over my Jem's head, and all because Jem came late to his work a few times. And Jem's moping around, and says it's all my fault, because he couldn't get his meals in time—*I* who am never tired of working for my children; but that's all the thanks you get for worrying and fretting over them half your life. Nancy Force has never spent half the money I've spent on mine, and there's nothing they wont do for her. Just look up the road now. There she goes on the way to market, and little Joe is carrying her basket, and even Sallie, the three-year-old, is pulling flowers for her.'

'Yes, but did you ever think, Mrs. McSpaddon, that maybe 'twas your fault Jem lost his place? Couldn't you have managed to lay your breakfast-cloth overnight, and then rise a little earlier, so that Jem would have his breakfast before the factory bell rang for seven, and then that would have put the work ahead, so that at twelve o'clock everything would have been ready for his dinner 'gainst he left the shop?'

'P'r'aps I might, but I never looked at it in that way; but what I have been saying to my man this morning wasn't about Jem either, but about Bessie. You know she's lived nigh upon two year with Mrs. Jaqueths, whose husband owns the factory; well Miss Amy Jaqueths has just come home from the city, and you should just see all the pretty ribbons and bright muslin dresses she wears; and yesterday, when all the Sunday-school were going on a picnic, Miss Amy says to my girl, "Bessie, I thought you might like a blue ribbon to wear with your white dress, and here is one I have worn a few times, and with this little bunch of flowers for your hat, I am sure you will look very nicely." So Bessie did what I wouldn't do—she thanked her, and took them. Don't you think, Granny Isbestor, that my Bessie is just as good as that little proud Miss Amy? She thought second-hand ribbons were good enough for Bessie, but if I had my way, Bessie should have the new ribbons, and Miss Amy should have to work for her living, and have no ribbons at all. The rich are allus oppressing the poor, that's what I tell my man. There's Bessie slaving from morning to night for them Jaqueths, and here when she wants to go for a picnic, she must needs wear a second-hand ribbon and a partly-worn bunch of flowers. Then Bessie comes home and tells me I ought to have the house pleasanter and neater for father when he comes in at night, and so she flies round and tidies up everything, and puts a bunch of flowers

on the table in front of his plate, and when he comes in he says at once "Who's been here? My little Bessie, I'm sure." Just as though I could be expected to fix things up when I've so much to do. But he doesn't praise me, who has done nothing but drudge from morning till night. So you see, Granny, it's no good of trying to enjoy one's self, for all the world is agin' you, and the quicker one dies and gets out of it, the better off one 'll be—that's my opinion.'

'Don't you think, Mrs. McSpaddon, that we all think too much about ourselves, and too little about others? It seems to me a poor woman could not have had a better fortune for her children than you have had. The deal of trouble Mrs. Jaqueths has taken with your Bessie is wonderful, and what thanks do you give her for it? Not a neater girl goes of an errand down-town than Bessie, and about her work, Mrs. Jaqueths tells me she can trust her to go from the top of the house to the bottom. Her silver shines, and her linen is spotless, and as to her needlework, Miss Amy has taught her so that she can make a garment neatly enough for the queen. This training will fit her for any household; and what will be Mrs. Jaqueths' reward? Why just as Bessie has got to be useful to her, some worthy young man will see what a thrifty, industrious wife she will make, and Mrs. Jaqueths will have to part with her, and then begin over again the training of some other half-taught girl. Now my opinion is that we have all the rights that belong to us, and more too. What would you and I and all the poor people do if the rich people didn't build churches for us, and get the clergymen to find us out, put our children into good schools, take us into their house, and teach us to work in such a manner that a way will always be open for us to earn a good living; visit us when we are in trouble, save sometimes the daughters from evil company, and the sons from the jail, and perhaps even the prison. For my part, I thank the Lord every night that He has made us to differ, that so we may learn how much we can help each other in this world, and so prepare ourselves for the next. Now when I die I mean to leave my home to some poor gentlewomen who have once been rich, so that the world may know how much we owe to such.'

'Well, well, Granny Isbestor, you are a queer woman; but Jem mustn't be late any more, so I must trot on home now; but if you ever want an extra hand for an hour or so with the cows, call on me. I'll make time.'

So as they were at the crossroads, they separated, and I, following in the rear, found my way home.

Bible Terms.—A day's journey was thirty-three and one-fifth miles. A Sabbath-day's journey was about one English mile. A cubit is twenty-two inches, nearly. A shekel of silver was about fifty cents. A shekel of gold was eight dollars and nine cents. A talent of silver was $1,518.32. A talent of gold was $23,309. A piece of silver, or a penny, was thirteen cents. A farthing was three cents. A gerah was two cents. A mite was one and a half cents. A homer contained seventy-six gallons and five pints. An ephah or bath contained seven gallons and four pints. A hin was one gallon and two pints. A firkin was seven pints. An omer was six pints. A cab was three pints. A log was one-half pint.

Concerning the change said to be wrought upon persons converted to Christianity, it may be seasonable to observe that the manner of the Apostle Paul's expressing it, intimates their becoming quite another sort of people; indeed, the very reverse of what they had been before. "Putting on the new man" supposes activity and diligence in piety and virtue; doing good no less than abstaining from evil.—*Dean Stanhope.*

[Written for The Church Monthly Magazine.]

"FROM SUDDEN DEATH, GOOD LORD, DELIVER US.'

In mercy, Lord:
Lest this dim flame that burns for Thee,
By sudden winds extinguished be;
Lest fierce cyclones of fleshly storm,
Or withering blasts of passion born—
A puff of pride, a frosty breath—
Come unforeseen, and stifled faith
Prove all too weak to face with death,
And flee her wind-swept altar fair;
Nor gasp a cry; nor lift a prayer;
Nor care that day
Is blotted out for her alway,
If with the dead is peace for aye—
(The prayerless host that smile their death,
And boast their night with death-blind eyes—
Dust unto dust,)
Lest this shall be
My endless woe, dear Christ my Lord,
From sudden death deliver me.

JENNY MARSH PARKER.

[From the Independent]

THE RANCHMAN'S CHILD.

BY JOY ALLISON.

"Pretty!" you'd better say so! I'll tell you what it is:
You'll seldom see a cunninger, comic'ler little phiz!
Her nose turns up, like her mother's; but her hair 's the color o' mine—
Sort of a shinin' yaller, but twice as curly and fine.

Her mother calls her Pamely—a silly fancy she took.
I reckon she found the name along o' some novel-book.
But I call her my little Nancy—my poor old mother's name.
If I should ever go back on her, 'twould be a burnin' shame.

I tell ye, she's that pert, ye wouldn't begin to think;
Whatever there is a-goin', she'll sense it quicker'n a wink;
And she's got the sweetest tongue—that child. To hear her talk,
You'd think she wuz four year old. She'd sing afore she could walk.

She's allus a-readin', my wife is; that's how she didn't see
That the young un had left the dooryard and set out to foller me.
And I was off to the new corral. You see 'twas a droughty spell,
And the stock wuz wild for water. We wuz diggin' of 'em a well.

We'd built a stockade round it. We built it high and strong;
For we knew the minnit the critters smelt water there'd be a throng.
And so there wuz that mornin'; for we struck the night afore,
And the water had come in beautiful. 'Twas eight foot deep or more.

And all the stock on the pra'arie, for miles and miles around,
Wuz pushin' and crowdin' and tramplin' the weaker ones to the ground.
Hun ireds and thousands, mad with thirst, wuz fightin' to come anear
To whar they knew the' wuz water. Poor beasts! cost some on 'em dear.

However we'd ha' got in, if we hadn't a-planned it well,
'Thout wings to fly over the herd, is more nor I can tell.
We'd built a trough for the water, mostly outside the corral;
And Pete had slept inside. Pete is a hull-souled pal!

And when he saw us a-comin', he set the pump a-goin',
And the herd all crowded of course to whar the water was flowin'.
That made a sort o' gap, whar we managed fur to get in,
And we all took turns at the pump, in the dust and the awful din.

'Twas a pitiful sight to see 'em, and yet it made me mad,
Because, if they'd only ha' waited, there wuz drink enough to be had.
But the stronger trampled the weaker, and their howl, as they went under,
Damaged my sleep for a week o' nights wuss'n the loudest thunder.

After a tug at the pump, I was stopping to wipe my face,
And I looked out over the pra'arie. I could see my little place—
Only a rough log-cabin; but wife and child wuz there,
And as fur thirst or famine, they hadn't a thought or care.

I looked ag'in at the thirsty herd, tramplin' the pra'arie grass,
And I heard, above their beller, the cry o' my little lass!
I couldn't mistake the sound! I knew her shrill little voice!
"Pa! Pa!" she screamed, "come take me!" I heard through all the noise.

I looked, and there at the very heels o' the crazy, plungin' brutes—
My hair, you better believe, riz right up straight from the roots!
I saw a little red bunnit a-bobbin' up and down
In the pra'arie grass and the ros'n weed—a little yaller gown!

My baby! Lord of heaven! I wuzn't much given to prayin',
But I sent up the straightest pra'er I knew: "Lord save 'er!" I kep' a-sayin',
The while I wuz climbin' the corral-fence. But when I wuz on the top,
The sight I see jest friz my blood. I felt I wuz like to drop.

For a long-horned Texan bull got sight o' that red bunnit,
And afore ye could say "Jamaiky!" he wuz bearin' down upon it.
I give a howl and a screech jest as the critter tost her;
Then I fainted dead away, for I thought sure I'd lost her.
Ranchmen may be rough-spoken, but they has their private feelin's,
And a child's a child, and nobody need be shamed o' such revealin's.

I reckoned I was in heaven when I at last come to,
Seein' the child was by me; though she didn't behave as they do
Up thar, I've allus supposed, for she screamed and struck at Pete—
Mad, you see, coz he sprinkled me with water from head to feet.

"So!" Pete said, and grinned, "I reckon wer'e all right now!
The brute overreached hisself! Didn't calc'late right, I 'low.
Stop yer cryin', Nancy! He threw her into the corral.
I catched her by the gown, and helped to break her fall."

I crawled up, weak as water, till I got onto my knees;
For I knew the Lord of heaven, 't I never had cared to please
With pra'er or psalm, had heard me and answered me that day,
And I thanked Him, strong and handsome, I aint ashamed to say.

NIGHT IN THE HERZEGOVINA.

No blade of grass, nor any green is here,
  Save on a crag one starving olive tree;
The torrents into caverns disappear,
  Or hasten, moaning, downward to the sea.

The shepherd homeward to the fold his flock
  Leads by the crooning of his rustic reed;
The goats bound airily from rock to rock,
  And gambol where our human feet would bleed.

The mountaineer, with dagger at his side,
  With pistols in his belt, and carabine
Firm in his hand, seems like a ghost to glide
  Along the rocky high horizon line.

EDWARD KING—*Echoes from the Orient.*

[Written for The Church Monthly Magazine.]

COUNTRY SHOPPING.

'Here is the ribbon at last, Aunt Phyllis,' exclaimed Dolly, depositing a small parcel before her aunt; 'and such a search as I have had for it! I had to call at nearly a dozen different places before I could find the exact shade I was determined you should have. How much trouble a small thing like that will sometimes give one,' she continued, as she seated herself among the group formed by her aunt and sisters, who were busy over some mysterious fabrication, intended for a coming birthday.

'So I see,' replied Aunt Phyllis; 'and I am much obliged to you for your trouble, my dear. But you would not have had so much fifty years ago, for you would probably have found but one shade in all the city, and never dreamed of looking for another.'

'How dreadful!' ejaculated Dolly. 'And what should I have done if it had not been a match?'

'You would have been content to take the next best color that would have served your purpose, thereby saving much time and shoe-leather. Though the multiplicity of shades of color now-a-days is a great convenience, and produces such beautiful results, yet when I think of the time consumed in searching for silk, ribbon, and buttons of some particular shade, I sometimes question whether it is any such great advantage after all.'

'Oh I rather like hunting for a particular shade if I have set my mind on it, and if it does not involve *too* long a search,' said Dolly. 'Did not you enjoy shopping when you were young, Aunty?'

'I cannot say that I did,' replied her aunt; 'though the reason may possibly have been that to my childish eyes *real* calicoes and ginghams were so much uglier than the ideal ones on which *I* had set my mind. And I fear,' she continued, 'that is still the case, for to this day I had much rather purchase books or hardware than dry goods. No, the great charm of shopping, when I was a child, lay in the fact that it involved both a holiday and an excursion.'

'Oh do tell us all about it, Aunt!' exclaimed little Joan. 'We have plenty of time yet before lunch; and I do so love to hear about those old times.'

'I will do my best,' said Aunt Phyllis; 'but I cannot promise to be very interesting, for, as you may suppose, *our* child-life had not half the excitements of *yours*. You may imagine, therefore, what a delightful event it was, when our mother would open the school-room door of a bright June morning, and ask the governess to give the children a holiday, as she intended taking them with her to A——; and would we please get ready at once. What excitement there was as we dispersed in haste to the nursery, to be speedily inducted into clean frocks, and have our little shirred cambric bonnets tied on! We were always at the door as soon as the carriage, in whose capacious depths we quickly installed ourselves, in high spirits, and prepared to enjoy every inch of the five miles which lay between us and the village of A——.

'This A—— was a place of some size, with paved streets and a Bank, and containing a large "general store," as it was called, where my mother went occasionally when in search of something more ambitious than our own little village-store could supply. We were not obliged, however, to depend entirely upon country stores, as all our best dresses and

many other things were procured through relatives in the city. Still there were always plenty of needs in so large a family, which could well be supplied from the store at A——; and the occasions on which we were taken thither were not frequent enough to make them anything but a delightful pleasure.

'How eagerly we were wont to scan every farm-house that we passed, to see if any change had occurred about its premises since our last trip. The white houses with red doors, and the red houses with green doors—above so many of which appeared that mysterious inscription "Mutual," which we supposed to be a family name, till we found it so common and it was explained to us to have some connection with an insurance company. How gay were the peonies, and how fragrant the cinnamon-roses that clustered at each front porch, and how bright the rows of shining milk-pans piled at the back—for ours was preëminently a cattle and dairy region. There were certain meadows yellow with buttercups, and others with wild mustard; and farm-yards, where we sometimes caught sight of cunning little pigs, flocks of geese, and other such wonders. There was a strange-looking barn, which some eccentric proprietor had painted in horizontal stripes of grey and orange; and one small, red house, which was *my* special admiration, owing to its being smothered in vines and encircled by a perfect blaze of balsams, larkspurs, and marigolds. Such a spot *now* would be highly suggestive of damp and mosquitoes, but *then*, how I envied the unknown occupants of that little dwelling.

'Equally enjoyable, after the bright and practical, was the gloomy and mysterious region we next entered upon. Not *really* gloomy and mysterious, you know, but only appearing so to a child's fancy. This began just after the road, skirting a thick, dark beech wood, made a sudden turn, and descending abruptly, crossed a long wooden bridge with red sides. As this bridge had been more than once carried away by a Spring freshet, we always looked upon it as highly dangerous and liable to go off at any moment; so I for one always breathed more freely when safely across it and passing a spot where four roads met, and where the mystery that in my childish imagination always encircled that place, seemed to culminate. Upon one corner stood a large two-story building, evidently designed for a hotel of some pretensions, but now dirty and dilapidated, with ruined chimneys, and broken sashes and blinds, and apparently tenanted only in a few of the lower apartments. Everything around expressed desolation and neglect—broken fences and deserted barns, and what seemed to me so terrible, no shrubs or flowers to relieve the staring grimness of the great white pile. On the opposite corner stood a brick warehouse or store, of a more modern date, but appearing never to have been used, with barred doors and shuttered windows. Now a *brick* building was in itself a curiosity, for we knew of no other in the neighborhood; but this apparently new, yet deserted store, never ceased to be a mystery. I remember that a fissure had started in the brick-work beneath one of the windows; and we had the additional excitement of noticing how, with every season, this crack was slowly widening and deepening, till finally the entire structure fell to ruins.'

'And did you really never hear of any reason for its being left that way?' asked Madge.

'No, my dear, never. But then I do not remember that I ever asked.

I was a shy child, not given to asking questions, but preferring to invent reasons in my own mind, which were perfectly satisfactory to myself. I have, however, a sort of impression that the man whose name still clings to that bridge, after making extensive preparations for a settlement, was ruined by the loss of a large mill swept away by one of the freshets before mentioned. But I must not forget another depressing feature in the landscape. This was a thick, steamy sort of smoke, always hanging over what looked like a low shed, in the far distance, across the fields, but too far off to make out distinctly, and which we were told was a brick-kiln—a word awful enough to my mind to signify anything.

'The next object of interest, after turning this corner, was a wretched little school-house perched above the road, and partaking of the same general air of discomfort. Some of the siding had disappeared, many window-panes were gone, and the chimney was a mere handful of stones; but as it was the only school-house which our road led directly past, we always watched it with eager attention. Sometimes the door was open, and we caught a glimpse of the terribly rude interior, with its battered desks and seats. But miserable as it all was, there was one reason why I envied the rough, poor-looking children whom we often saw playing about.'

'What could it have been?' questioned Madge.

'Something that with all our advantages we never possessed, and that was a huge sand-cliff not far from the school-house, filled with odd-shaped holes and caverns, which were evidently the work of the scholars during their play-hours. For a chance to dig in that charming sand-bank I thought I would even be content to attend school in that wretched little place; but for fear of ridicule I buried all such longings in my own bosom so successfully that to this day no one has known of them.

'After leaving the school-house the roadsides began to assume a more prosperous appearance, becoming more thickly settled as we advanced, till in due time we reached A——, on the very outskirts of which a small house, with a wire coming from the village and disappearing through its roof, always came in for a share of our attention. Railroads and telegraph wires were quite unknown in our region then. There was nothing electric about this wire, however, as it simply connected the watchmaker's store with his residence, some distance off. This watchmaker was a very ingenious man, and as he was the choir-leader in our church, where his tall, spare figure seldom failed to grace the organ-loft of a Sunday, we felt all the more entitled to our interest in his belongings.

'The noise of water falling over the dam, and the sound of mill-wheels and machinery, always seemed to us like the bustle of a great city, as we crossed the bridge, and were soon at our destination—a stone building in the heart of the village, next to the Bank, and with every appearance of a thriving and extensive business. Here we wandered about among piles of goods of every description; but beyond a couple of huge figures representing Chinese mandarins, which a clerk would kindly set nodding for us, there was little to interest a child. I remember a small collection of books, among which several bearing the incomprehensible title of "Sacra Privata" used to puzzle me extremely, as, having promised to touch nothing,

I could not examine their contents. Long before our mother had completed her purchases we were weary enough of shopping, and quite willing to resume our places in the carriage. But though my impressions of all we saw when going to A—— are so vivid, the drive home is always a blank in my memory, from which I infer that we were very tired, and possibly—sleepy.

'But now I should like to tell you of something else, always connected in my mind with the store at A——. Its principal proprietor was a pleasant-faced old gentleman, who had always a kind word for us. He had three or four sons, the eldest of whom was his father's chief assistant in keeping the books and accounts; he must have been nearly thirty years of age, and had a wife and small family. There was no Episcopal church and hardly any Church people in A—— at that time. Judge then of our surprise when we heard it rumored that Mr. W——'s eldest son, who through his wife's influence had previously joined the Church, was about to study for the Episcopal ministry. I can well remember the pitying remark of one lady to whom my mother mentioned the report, that it seemed hardly worth while at his age, with his family, when so many years must elapse before he could be ordained, and when he was so well off in his present situation. I can also remember, a few years later, when in the store at A—— with my mother, hearing his father—who had been strongly opposed to the plan—making some allusion to his son's prospects as not being very brilliant; his son was then settled in a rather uninteresting parish at some distance; and my mother remarking to him "Oh never mind, Mr. W——, he will not stay there always; you will live to see your son a Bishop yet."

'How little either party then supposed her remark to be prophetic; but so it was. To-day his son has long been one of the most loved and honored Bishops of our Church; and on the scattered occasions when I have listened to his soul-stirring addresses in behalf of a down-trodden people, I have asked myself the question, "Truly, was it *not* worth while to consecrate even so much of his life, and his great gift of eloquence, to the advancement of such a cause?"

'Another time I must tell you something of our own little church, which was for a long time the only Episcopal one in that vicinity.'

SHIPWRECKS ON THE COAST OF NORMANDY.

In the opening pages of the Life of Jean François Millet, "Peasant and Painter," begun in *Scribner* for September, occurs the following simple and graphic description, by Millet himself, of a series of shipwrecks on the coast of Normandy, which formed one of the most striking memories of his childhood. There are not many records of calamities, or series of calamities, so extraordinary:

It was All Saints' day; in the morning we saw that the sea was very rough, and every one said there would be trouble; all the parish was in church; in the middle of mass we saw a man come in dripping wet, an old sailor, well known for his bravery. He immediately said that as he came along shore he saw several ships, which, driven by a fearful wind, would certainly shipwreck on the coast. 'We must go to their assistance,' said he, louder, 'and I have come to say to all who are willing, that we have only just time to put to sea to try and help them.' About fifty men offered themselves, and without speaking, followed the old sailor. We got to the shore by going down the cliff, and there we soon saw a terrible sight—several vessels, one behind the other, driving at a frightful speed against the rocks.

Our men put their boats to sea, but they had hardly made ten strokes

when one boat filled with water and sunk, the second was overturned with the breakers, and the third thrown up on shore. Happily no one was drowned, and all reached the shore. It was easy to see that our boats would be no use to the poor people on the ships.

Meantime the vessels came nearer, and were only a few fathoms from our black cliffs, which were covered with cormorants. The first, whose masts were gone, came like a great mass. Every one on shore saw it coming; no one dared speak. It seemed to me, a child, as if death was playing with a handful of men, whom it intended to crush and drown. An immense wave lifted itself like an angry mountain, and wrapping the vessel, brought her near, and a still higher one threw her upon a rock level with the water. A frightful cracking sound—the next instant the vessel was filled with water. The sea was covered with wreckage—planks, masts, and poor drowning creatures. Many swam and then disappeared. Our men threw themselves into the water, and with the old sailor at their head, made tremendous efforts to save them. Several were brought back, but they were either drowned or broken on the rocks. The sea threw up several hundred, and with them merchandise and food.

A second ship approached. The masts were gone. Every one was on deck, which was full; we saw them all on their knees, and a man in black seemed to bless them. A wave as big as our cliff carried her toward us. We thought we heard a shock like the first, but she held staunch and did not move. The waves beat against her, but she did not budge. She seemed petrified. In an instant every one put to sea, for it was only two gunshots from shore. A boat was made fast alongside; our boat was filled instantly; one of the boats of the ship put off, threw out planks and boxes, and in half an hour every one was on shore. The ship had been saved by a rare accident; her bowsprit and forepart had got wedged in between two rocks. The wave which had thrown her on the reefs had preserved her as if by a miracle. She was English, and the man who blessed his companions was a bishop. They were taken to the village, and soon after to Cherbourg.

We all went back again to the shore. The third ship was thrown on the breakers, hashed into little bits, and no one could be saved. The bodies of the unhappy crew were thrown up on the sand.

A fourth, fifth, and sixth were lost—ship and cargo—on the rocks. The tempest was terrific. The wind was so violent that it was useless to try to oppose it. It carried off the roofs and the thatch. It whirled so that the birds were killed—even the gulls, which are accustomed, one would think, to storms. The night was passed in defending the houses. Some covered the roofs with heavy stones, some carried ladders and poles, and made them fast to the roofs. The trees bent to the ground, and cracked and split. The fields were covered with branches and leaves. It was a fearful scourge. The next day—All Souls' day—the men returned to the shore; it was covered with dead bodies and wreckage. They were taken up and placed in rows along the foot of the cliffs. Several other vessels came in sight; every one was lost on our coast. It was a desolation like the end of the world. Not one could be saved. The rock smashed them like glass, and threw them in atoms to the cliffs.

Passing a hollow place, I saw a great sail covering what looked like a pile of merchandise. I lifted the corner, and saw a heap of dead bodies. I was so frightened that I ran all the way home, where I found mother and grandmother praying for the drowned men. The third day another vessel came. Of this one they found possible to save part of the crew, about ten men, whom they got off the rocks. They were all torn and bruised. They were taken to Gruchy, cared for a month, and sent to Cherbourg. But the poor wretches were not rid of the sea. They embarked on a vessel going to Havre; a storm took them, and they were all lost. As for the dead, all the horses were employed for a week in carrying them to the cemetery. They were buried in unconsecrated ground; people said they were not good Christians.—*Scribner for Sept.*

He who loves to read, and knows how to reflect, has laid by a perpetual feast for his old age.—*Scribner.*

[From All the Year Round.]

NOAH'S ARK BY NIGHT.

London, like Paris and other great cities, has at night queer sights and sounds. The chimes at midnight and during the small hours, ring to many strange tunes. London has its jingle-jangle of carriages and cabs from opera, theatre, or junketing; the slow murmur of wagon-wheels bringing cabbages to market; the chatter of the keeper of a coffee-stall; the heavy tread of the policeman; the quicker step of the lamplighter fulfilling the opposite duty to that indicated by his name. As the morning wears on, a few tired men emerge from Fleet street and the Strand, hoping to catch a passing cab, and hailing desperately hansom or "growler," anxious only to get home. The sounds of revelry die swiftly out of all but the most fashionable squares and streets, and the rattle of the fishmonger's cart is perhaps the latest of nocturnal sounds. Toward Regent's Park, however, there are animal voices—those of the aristocracy of the cat family—the great carnivora whose habit, like that of the smaller felines, is to borrow a few hours from the night. Now and then their wild roar breaks the stillness of the night, but for the most part they are quiet enough.

It is a curious party to-night at the members' entrance of the "Zoo." Among those assembled is the eminent medical authority who wrote the depressing book instructing the reader that the bite of the full-grown, healthy (why insist on the health of such a brute?) cobra di capello is absolutely fatal; provided always that the bite is the first after a sufficient interval of repose, that the puncture draws blood, and that poison is properly injected into the wound. And this is the cheerful companion the forethought of the Society has provided me with for a stroll round the snake-houses at night, when the vile inmates are on the alert, and only too ready to inject my veins with poison. As I see the great snake experimentalist loom through the dim light, I see also gay toilets of Zoological ladies—eager, not I hope to see the snakes fed, but to note the queer humors of a nocturnal visit to Noah's Ark, the curious assemblage of strange creatures brought together in one of the pleasantest spots in London. There are ladies and children and scientific as well as unscientific men in the Rembrandtesque picture, or series of pictures, presented as we start on our tour through the Ark. It has not been thought well that the great cats should be stirred up with the long pole, for there is a belief, more or less well founded, that those typical beasts of prey would dash themselves to pieces against the bars of their dens. As a professional skeptic in all but serious matters, I doubt that they would be fools enough to do anything of the kind. Your beast of prey is usually of a wary nature, and fully competent to take care of himself. I am, by hard fortune, indifferently well acquainted with predatory animals of various kinds, and fancy I know something of his ways. I have met the "tiger" in the gilded saloons of the Frascati and Blanc of the New World. I have breakfasted with pickpockets or "guns," and I have dined with burglars. I know also but too well the tiger-cats who run upon two legs, and mew to the tune of sixty per cent., or "six-to-four." Was I not security for Percy Nightshade just before he vanished, as the newspapers phrased it, "suddenly from the world of politics and society," and does not the Princess Digitaliski owe me a small fortune in gloves?

Our first visit was to one of the strangest of those creatures whose existence by daylight is necessarily a matter of pure faith. There is some tramping to and fro, much swinging of lanterns and many Rembrandt effects, before we reach the house of the rare bird known as the apteryx. What terrible wreck this visit has made of our illusions! All but the ultra-scientific, who knew all about it before they came, are disappointed. I have lived through a checkered half century—in which the black checkers by the way have been quite out of proportion to the white ones—happy in the belief that the apteryx was next of kin to the dodo, and I therefore looked for a bird of swelling port, so majestic that it could hardly move; in short, like the picture of the dodo in

that interesting if inaccurate account over which I had pored when a child. But my imagination proved to be very far afield. There was a mighty scuffling between the keepers and a heap of straw, and then came to the lamplight very reluctantly two of the deceptive birds who cannot fly, whose feathers are like hair, and who keep up a kind of fiction that they are youthful, half-fledged innocents till the day of their death. The apteryx is curiously fearful of the light, and taken at its best is but a rat-like, bat-like creature, remarkable mainly for laying an egg nearly as big as itself. It has none of the grandeur of the real or fabulous dodo. Was the dodo after all a real bird, or was its portly form the fancy of some Dutch limner? That it was not identical with the apteryx is abundantly clear, for the queer New Zealand creature is less like to the dodo than to that terror of spelling-bees, the ornithorhyncus paradoxus, who is supposed not to have quite made up its mind whether to become a duck or a rat, a layer of eggs or a devourer of the same. Why is not there a specimen of this queer duck-billed rat? Is the creature like Burgundy, difficult to carry, or is it as apocryphal as Barnum's mermaid, or that woolly horse whose left legs had grown shorter than the right, through living on a hill always "this side up"? As we pass through the gloom, the lantern light playing queer tricks with the foliage, toward the reptile-house, strange thoughts flit through my brain. In my mind's eye I behold creatures stranger than the dodo and his poor relation the apteryx. Paleontologists have much to answer for. Comfortable skepticism had knocked dragons and griffins, vampires and krakens, on the head. They were buried among the dead-and-gone fictions; vanished with the supposed bravery of the lion, and the equally imaginary stupidity of the donkey. Then came paleontology and said: "If there are no dragons now, they abounded in olden times. Look at the creature called scientifically a pterodactyle, the flying lizard of awful mien. What is he, pray, but the dreadful original of the heraldic animals emblazoned on azure, gules, vert, and sable?" When I was at school it was customary to induce small boys to go on the first of April to ask for "pickled eels' feet," as an impossibility. Now there are snakes with feet, and the learned say they were lizards once, and that the line of distinction between the lacertilia and ophidia is so very narrow that it cannot be drawn at feet, valid or merely rudimentary. I have just seen, by way of a whet for a reptile banquet, a lizard or a snake with feet so far apart as to be useless to the animal; and marvel greatly at the strange creatures perpetually turning up, as if Nature were never tired of producing new forms and modifying old ones.

At last we reach the reptile-house, never entered by me without suggesting a comparison between it and the cupboard of a friend of mine in the City. My friend's ordinary wares are such useful simples as vanilla and saffron, senna and colchicum; but he has a terrible cupboard kept under severest lock and key. Neither tobacco, nor nux vomica, neither opium, bitter almonds, nor fox-glove leaves, litter this lurking-place of death. Nothing so bulky could be admitted; there is in fact very little to be seen but a row of bottles filled with, for the most part, colorless crystals. These are called by my scientific friend alkaloids, the essential principle of herbs, fruit and drugs potent in medicine. Side by side stand flasks far more deadly than Woolwich infants and six-shooters, for they are loaded and primed with nicotine, brucine, morphine, strychnine, and digitaline, deadliest of vegetable poisons, leaving no trace save in the symptoms endured by their victims. A wilderness of cobras would not kill like these terrible alkaloids, but it is nevertheless eerie work pottering about in the dark among boxes full of serpents. And how lively they are at night! The constrictors, heavy and dull by day, are on the alert. Their great shining bodies are moving slowly, as if conscious of an enormous reserve of power. Quite as wide awake are the smaller serpents, with flat, venomous heads and wicked eyes. Loathsome beasts are those rattlesnakes, and Indian vipers of exceeding deadliness; and there would be a rare scamper off into space if we did not believe in the virtue of plate glass to resist the most violent colubrine struggles. All at

once a loud hiss sounds through the darkness, the hiss of a serpent who is in earnest, whose fangs would not miss their deadliness for want of venom—Virgil's serpent, "nourished with poisonous herbs." Virgil is wrong, of course. Venomous serpents do not acquire their poison by eating poisonous herbs; but much must be allowed to poets. The hiss is startling enough; the more so because it seems to come from the ground. The whole of my epidermis is instantly converted to the condition known as "goosey." A cold shudder runs down my spine, and the surface of my body becomes icy. Presently I am reassured, as the lantern of the keeper reveals the cause of my dismay. Not in one of the strongly-closed cages, but in a smaller box on the ground, is a dreadful object. At least it appears dreadful in the uncertain light. A hideous creature, with throat and wings banded with steel, is rearing his horrid head and protruding his tongue as he hisses furiously. It is the cobra di capello in the act to strike. As seen by night, the hood or distended throat of the serpent is wonderful in its metallic lustre. The head itself, an incarnation of spiteful intensity, looks, as it were, over the the top of this extraordinary throat, and appears, in consequence of the contrast, ridiculously small. How furious the brute is, and what short work he would make of one, if not of more, of us!

There is another serpentine monster on the opposite side. This is the famous cannibal snake, the snake-eater — Ophiophagus elaps. This dreadful serpent, who is a larger kind of cobra, and at least as venomous as his better-known congener, actually performs the deeds told of him. He does not display his armed neck, glittering with a marvellous gorget, like the cobra, but is apparently in a good temper. The reason of this is soon disclosed. The cannibal serpent is about to be fed, and follows every movement of the keeper with keen avidity. The quiet man who knows the snake world, and whom the snakes know perfectly well, presently produces an unhappy serpent of the harmless kind common in our hedges, and throws it quickly down through a glass trap on to the floor of the cannibal. In an instant the intruder is smitten. Like a flash of lightning the fangs of the greatest of all venomous serpents plunge into his brain. When snake meets snake the head is always the part aimed at, as with fighting-cocks and fighting-dogs, and it may be added snake-eating birds. There are extant various woodcuts and other works of art representing a kite towering with a serpent in her beak, the reptile in the meantime sticking his fangs into the bird just under the wing. This is nonsense, like most "fancy" natural history. Birds who eat snakes always begin by driving their beak through the snake's brain. Before he can erect his head to strike, the beak descends upon him, as anybody can observe on seeing one of the hornbills—not nocturnal—fed at his regular hours. And the bird begins to eat at the head, as does the mungoose and the rat, for that matter, when he gets a chance. Everybody has heard the story of the rat who was put into a boa constrictor's cage to supply food for the monster. The snake proved sluggish, and the rat feeling hungry, and finding he was not to be eaten, fell to on his own account, and ate up the snake from the nape of the neck downwards, most probably having bitten the reptile through the head to begin with. Pigs are said to put their feet on the snake's neck, as old country folk do a forked stick, and then eat him up unconcernedly; but "verily I have not seen this." Snakes are by turns sleepy and voracious. I have seen two Dalmatian snakes begin to eat the same mouse, one at each end of the little creature, and meet in the middle to have a merry fight over it. Ophiophagus has no sooner killed his prey than he begins to swallow it head foremost, but inasmuch as this sight is hardly pretty and amusing, we make off to pay a visit to the kangaroos.

It is strange that the kangaroos, who look pleasant and homelike enough by daylight, should wear a totally different aspect at night. In the light of a lantern they look like the ghosts of their midday selves, and the mysterious pocket with which they are endowed seems rather a receptacle for stolen goods than a cradle for kangarookins. There is a furtive look about the animals at night, which

makes me think that they have picked up the manners and customs of the eminent bushrangers with whom they must have associated. Doubtless if their pockets were emptied, even more serious evidence than spoons would be discovered.

Past the kangaroos we go into a little house, very hot and stuffy, to see some sloths, who seem quite tired out with the labor of sleeping all day. They have almost as easy a time of it, those unlovely creatures, as Boileau's "gros chanoine," who passed "la nuit à bien dormir, le jour à ne rien faire." But alas! there is compensation in all things, and as Mr. Gilbert says, "taking one consideration with another," the lot of the sloth can hardly be a happy one. It must be at least monotonous to be always falling asleep in a tree-top, and waking up just in time to catch hold and prevent one's self from falling. It would be exciting for the first day or two, but assuredly wearisome in the long run.

The great ant-eater is a comparatively lively animal, and if it were not for his clumsy habit of walking on his knuckles, would be charming enough. His long, delicate snout excites wonder that no wilder beast has bitten it off, until one looks at the ant-eater's great powerful claws. These tremendous weapons are useful to the animal for tearing down the solidly cemented ant-hills which contain his prey, and would tear any beast of his own size to pieces with the greatest ease. Equally frisky with the ant-eater is the ocelot, that prettiest of tiny leopards, with its graceful and caressing little ways. It purrs delightfully, this spotted creature with the satin coat; but its powerful limbs mark the distinction between it and the "harmless necessary cat." It is a wild beast, accustomed to get its own living by "wily turns and desperate bounds," and for all its pretty coaxing ways is not of the exact breed of wild-cats of which I would elect to "whip my weight." Sweet, engaging little creatures are the phalangers, soft and gentle, and by no means evil-doers although they hate the light. Still they do not inspire envy. A nocturnal existence up a tree is not a thing to dream of. If there were really anything in the doctrine of the transmigration of souls, I would not hope to be a phalanger, any more than, being subject to sore throat, I would elect to be a giraffe. The life of a hippopotamus, or better still of a rhinoceros, appears to be far more dignified.

The creatures on whom a nocturnal visitor to the "Zoo" would most naturally rely are the owls. Unhappily, the owls in the Regent's Park are, to put it mildly, a failure. Beautiful and sagacious, the owl resents confinement, and from the height of her sublime wisdom looks down pityingly on her captors. Shooting out at nightfall from lofty belfry or deserted tower, the owl is a delightful object. Her cry is a pleasant change from the queer note of the corncrake, and her peculiar flight is not to be mistaken. But the owl in captivity at the "Zoo" is dull and uninteresting. It is not so with a tame owl, carefully kept and tended at home. There is no more delightful companion than a great horned owl, like that which rejoiced the heart of Mr. Browning a few years since. Yet the owls at the "Zoo" winked and blinked at us, and in plain English would have nothing to say to the nocturnal visitor.

Another stroll in the dark, and then I became conscious of four eyes looking out of the gloom. Not ordinary eyes by any means, but great circular fulvous eyes, beautiful exceedingly, without a single flash of vice in them; delicious eyes, mild, deep, penetrating, and gentle. One more flash of the lantern, and four tassel-like ears became visible, and presently I made out sitting among the branches of a tree a brace of lynxes. Whether the wonderful eyes can see through a nine-inch wall, I will not pretend to decide. All I can affirm, is that their beauty by night is almost indescribable. The lynx is not only one of the most beautiful of the cat tribe, but is endowed with affectionate impulses from which the majority of the genus appear to be free. There are many pleasant stories of lynxes, notably one told by Busbec or Busbequius, as he Latinized himself. Among the menagerie which he kept during his residence as Austrian ambassador at Constantinople, was a lynx who loved one of his servants so that she refused to eat except in his presence, and on his being sent on a far journey, starved literally to death. The lynx-

es at Regent's Park have very good reputations, and as their faces peer curiously out of the dark, are quaint beasts, and pleasant to look upon. Another queer creature is the penguin, who, luckier than the great auk, has her haunts out of the track of merchant ships, and is not for some time to come likely to be exterminated, and have her eggs sold at a hundred guineas apiece. Droller even than the penguin are the lemurs, the nocturnal tree-dwellers of Madagascar, who peer curiously at the band of visitors invading the monkey-house. There is some little fun among the frightened apes, and the pretty green monkeys rush about excitedly. Then we emerge once more into the open, and after a short walk in the dark, find ourselves on the high road or outer circle of Regent's Park.

A NATION WITHOUT HOMES.

A writer in the *Contemporary Review* has an essay on what he calls "A Dishomed Nation." What is a dishomed nation? Could not the writer have secured attention, we may ask, to his essay without inventing, or rather illogically constructing, a term which needs to be deciphered before it can be understood? A dishomed nation is simply—not as one might suppose from the phrase employed, a nation dispossessed of its homes, but simply a nation without homes, or, in the particular sense in which it is used by the writer in question, a nation that does not own its homes, that is, without proprietorship in its hearthstones. The nation that is thus characterized is England, the land the homes of which have been immortalized in song and story. But it is of little moment just now whether the accusation is just, as the key of the article is the influence upon character and morals of a proprietorship in the homestead. The writer says:

"What I see around me often reminds me of the deep feeling with which, now many years ago, a friend, whose professional avocations had obliged him to live a somewhat erratic life, so that he had only occupied a succession of hired houses, once remarked to me that I should have some difficulty in understanding how he yearned for a house of his own. 'What a happiness,' he said, 'would it then be to me to toil and to deny myself in order to make it a commodious and beautiful abode for my family! How I should study to make it pleasant to behold on the outside, and pleasant to live in! How unwilling should I be to leave it, and how glad to return to it! If it had a garden, what loving care should I bestow upon it! If I had but one tree—a single oak, so noble a piece of nature's handiwork—that I could call my own, I should become a stronger and a better man. I should feel that a portion of God's earth had been given to me in trust for my family, and that I must be careful to maintain the position this conferred upon me, and not to fall short of the responsibilities it imposed.'

"The fluency with which he expressed these sentiments showed that they were not then stirring within him for the first time; and his fervor perhaps indicated a supposition that on this subject his feelings were not quite those of ordinary men. But in this, if such was his thought, he was mistaken. He was only putting into words what men in all times, and in all degrees of barbarism and of civilization, have acted on, and which he felt only because it is the common desire which nature implants in us all. What launched man on his long career of progress was precisely the creation and the possession of a house of his own. This it was that first made family life possible. And what called into being the first germ of family life is what, under all the advances that have since been made, has ever continued to be its prime necessity. In the order of nature, however great the outward variety, there are never two ways of attaining the same end. For instance, growth is the same process, infinitely diversified, in everything that lives. The vertebrate skeleton is the only scheme of organization for all the myriad forms of higher life, whether of fish, reptile, bird, beast, or of man himself. No one of the myriad host of the heavenly bodies obeys a different law from any other one. So it is in Nature's moral order. The family it was, made possible by the possession of a house, which originated, organized, maintained, and advanced morality. It was so in the beginning;

it has been so ever since; and, judging from the analogy of nature, and from the requirements of morality itself, it will be so to the end. In the grand process the house that was one's own was the starting-point, and in every stage and form of civilization it has been the essential condition of family life and of moral progress."

We cannot doubt that ownership is an immense factor in the morals and well-being of a community; it stimulates and steadies, it often fills with ambition, it makes men hopeful, and it encourages the home virtues in a hundred minor things. And this fact is above all things the hopeful condition of American life. Outside of the great cities a great majority of the people live in their own habitations; and the embowered dwellings that cluster in every village and line the highways that lead from every town are doubtless the best pledges the community can give of steadfastness and domestic virtue. But whether art, progress, intelligence, and all other virtues depend upon ownership—whether, as our writer in the "Contemporary" declares, home itself is impossible without it—may well be questioned. Intellectual life, and with it the embellishments and elegances of home, are more marked in the great cities than elsewhere, and in great cities the home is apt to be shifting, occupants of houses being commonly tenants. There can be no truly delightful homes without intellectual association, without culture, without taste, without the refinement that comes of knowledge of society. It is, no doubt, an excellent thing that our people are so generally housed in their own habitations; politically this is a great good, and morally the advantage is perhaps immeasurable; but these homes are too often cheerless ones—too often empty of everything but the practical conveniences. The Indian owns his wigwam, but he doesn't do much toward making it a home. The peasant is often willing to abide from childhood to manhood in the cottage inherited from his fathers, without a thought that it might be made sightly and agreeable. When taste and culture combine with the pride of ownership, then fine things, no doubt, ensue; but ownership is a barren possession if this is all—if intellectual life has not crossed the threshold.—*Appletons' Journal.*

UBI MISER, IBI CHRISTUS.

It was the eve of Easter Day,
Her heart within was sad;
They have taken away my Lord, she said,
And how should I be glad?

I see the thorns, the cross, the grave,
The dead hands wounded sore;
But the risen form of the Crucified
Is lost for evermore.

Why say you so, the answer came,
When you this very day
Have seen the Christ for whom you mourn,
And wiped His tears away?

He suffers with His people still;
Who binds the broken limb,
Or fills the aching heart with hope,
Has done it unto Him.

A sign she cried, that this is so.
Thou hast it in thy breast:
The token is the peace of Christ—
Know this and be at rest.

—*The Spectator.*

FELICITAS OF CARTHAGE.

We know nothing regarding Felicitas until the time of her arrest on the charge of being a Christian, except that she was a slave of the same master with two other martyrs who suffered at the same time. She was then twenty-two years of age, and married, and it would appear not unlikely that her master was a Christian, as otherwise it would seem strange that so many of his slaves suffered for the faith.

At the time of her arrest Felicitas was only a catechumen, *i. e.*, one who had professed her faith in Christ, and was undergoing a preparatory course of training and instruction before receiving the rite of Baptism. Such persons had a place assigned to them in the congregation, but were not permitted to be present at the celebration of the Lord's Supper. Like her fellow-martyr Perpetua, Felicitas enjoyed in the prison the rite of Baptism, which was esteemed one of the greatest blessings that a believer could receive, as it admitted into full fellowship with the Church.

At the present day, when Baptism and Confirmation (which latter in a large portion of the Christian Church completes in adults that which Infant Baptism begins) are looked upon so lightly, and regarded too often as mere ceremonies, it is difficult to real-

ize the intensity with which the early Christians longed for the administration of these rites, and how powerful an influence Baptism had upon their future life. Not only did they intensely value the admission it afforded to full communion with the Church and to the Eucharistic Feast, but the remembrance of the vows then made was a constant support to them in times of temptation and trial. So far from viewing Baptism as a mere ceremonial, we learn from Tertullian that the Christians were in the habit of changing the figure and representing the water into which they had been plunged as a river in which they, like fish in the natural water, must perpetually live if they were to live at all. The pledges they then gave were constantly present with them, and by repeating them over to themselves and to each other, they endeavored to obtain strength to resist temptation, fearing lest even the Church itself could never restore their baptismal robe, if once sullied by wilful defilement.

Not long after she had enjoyed the valued rite of Baptism, Felicitas was brought up before the pro-consul; when with fearless courage she made an unhesitating and noble confession of her faith in Christ, and having been severely scourged, was condemned to suffer death by exposure to wild beasts at the approaching festival of Geta, and in the meantime was remitted back to prison.

During the interval before her martyrdom, an incident occurred which vividly illustrates the feelings by which the early martyrs were animated. Felicitas being seized with sore pain and agony, cried out aloud in her pangs, upon which one of the keepers of the prison asked her how she would do when exposed to the wild beasts if she were unable now, when suffering only from natural pain, to restrain her cries. 'O,' she exclaimed, 'now it is I who suffer, but then it will be Another who will suffer in me and for me, because I shall then suffer for Him.'

It was customary at this time to provide prisoners condemned to death with a free supper on the evening before their execution, when the public were allowed to be present. The martyrs did their utmost to convert this meal into an *agape*, or love-feast; and as a large multitude crowded to see them, they made use of the opportunity to reason with them of righteousness and the judgment to come, pointing out the excellence of the Christian faith, which thus enabled them, notwithstanding the prospect of a cruel death on the morrow, to look forward to it without trembling, and even to rejoice and be glad at its near approach. It is impossible that such a scene could be witnessed without having its effect, and we can well believe the truth of the tradition that many Carthaginians were converted to Christianity on this occasion.

Felicitas being only a despised slave, was stripped of her clothing before being brought into the arena, but the spectators, hardened as they were, seemed shocked at this sight, and cried out; whereupon the executioner drew her back and covered her with a garment before wrapping her in the net in which she was to be exposed. Then the wild cow was let loose, and after fiercely goring and mangling her, tossed her into the air, when she fell to the ground and lay utterly helpless and unable to rise. It was then that Perpetua, running to her assistance, lifted her and held her in her arms, while they waited together the renewal of the attack. The spectators, however, crying out that it was enough, the executioners hurried them outside the amphitheatre and despatched them with the sword.

Thus ended their earthly life, and truly, if in this life only they had hope, most miserably. Is this all—two mangled corpses carried away by trembling hands to be buried in the cold earth, two helpless babes deprived of their mothers' care, two aged parents weeping and refusing comfort because their darling child has died a felon's death? O no! outside that yelling crowd we seem to catch a glimpse of chariots of fire and angel guides, waiting to convey the spirits of the saints to the realms of Paradise, where 'they who have passed through the great tribulation,' bask forever in the eternal sunshine of the Light of life, where they shall neither hunger nor thirst, where there shall be no more parting and no more pain, but where they enjoy everlasting ecstasy in the presence of their God!—*The Day of Rest.*

AGNOSTICISM AND ATHEISM.

The Archbishop of Canterbury, in making his recent visitations, has wisely availed himself of the occasion to expose the infidel and atheistic theories of the times, and to bring forward cogent arguments in refutation. Two recent Charges of his are printed verbatim in the London *Times*. From one we make the following extract, which we commend most earnestly to the attention of our readers:

It is a peculiarity of our time that in every household in England, which cultivates an acquaintance with the literature of the day, we find lying everywhere for the use of our sons and daughters, and have placed in our hands at all the railway stations, magazines, in the pages of which the doctrines both of natural and revealed religion are assailed. No doubt it is urged in defence of these publications that they are open to both sides —that if they convey the poison they also convey the antidote, and that good results from this system to the cause of Orthodoxy, because many persons who might otherwise never read any literature which was not of a skeptical character, will find within the pages of such books sound treatises advocating old truths, and will thus have good thoughts forced on their attention.

Obviously there are two sides to this argument, and it may be that the system of which we are speaking has a tendency to lead the uninformed to regard all questions as open, and truth as very doubtful. It cannot, I think, but be allowed that this peculiarity of our periodical literature is a symptom of dangerous influences at work, even if it does not foster them. What shall we say, then, is the form which this evil influence most commonly assumes? Is it simply skeptical, throwing doubt on all things? Or does it, under a specious show of having proved the doubtfulness of things spiritual, proceed to dogmatize respecting things material as the sole, real, and valuable inheritance of man?

First, of Agnosticism. What is it? Its name appears to tell us that it knows nothing. Would that its professions of ignorance were accompanied by their logical result of a philosophical humility! An Agnostic, I take it, is one who says "I know nothing of things spiritual and metaphysical. You tell me that there is a world beyond the grave, and that there is something within me which is destined to live in that world, when all the material objects of whose existence alone I can be certain have crumbled into dust; you tell me old stories of men believing that they had intercourse in time past with a Spiritual Being who dwells somewhere above the clouds. I know nothing which is capable of corroborating such fancies. Why am I not to regard them as the dreams of a heated imagination? I want something certain, and I find this certainty only in the physical phenomena around me, and in the unchanging laws of outward nature. It is just possible that there may be some truth in your vague imaginings, but I cannot ascertain it, and therefore, for all practical purposes I shall consider them to be but vain. Life, with its enjoyments and pursuits, as I see and feel them, is full of interest; but what I was before I came into this world concerns me little, and as little am I concerned respecting anything that can befall hereafter the particles of which I am composed. You say there is a Supreme Intelligence, animated by a father's love, which regulates all things. I see no proof of it. The laws of nature roll on with iron uniformity. Whoever tries to act against them is crushed by their irresistible advance." I do not say that Agnostics argue like some Epicureans, "Let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die"—but they say "Let us confine our thoughts to what we are certain of." Such is the reasoning of this false philosophy. "Let us confine ourselves," they say, "to the irresistible course of this all-pervading machinery of which we find ourselves a part. Let us make the most of our present material existence. We can do no better; and attempts to act as if we knew more than we do, only make things worse. Priests and so-called theological philosophers all the world over have only been misleading us.

They might, perhaps, have had their place in the world's childhood when men were incapable of a training in the rules and operations of an exact and positive philosophy; but the world has come to its manhood now, or is fast approaching it." "I know," says this modern philosopher, "nothing but what I can observe and classify, and I take no interest in your theologies and vain philosophies."

The better feelings of man contradict these sophisms. An eminent Protestant pastor told me lately, in Paris, that, being called to conduct funeral rites in most of the cemeteries of that capital, he had made a point of inquiring of the custodians of these grounds as to the relative number of religious and of civil, that is, non-religious, funerals, and that he was assured that the civil funerals reached a scarcely appreciable percentage. France has usually been regarded as the stronghold of an atheistical philosophy. Perhaps the claim to this preëminence may be disputed now by some other Continental countries, but the fact of which I was thus assured is worth dwelling on. It seems to show one of two things—either that theories of atheistic skepticism, though they may satisfy some minds and make them altogether indifferent in life, are readily shaken when the great and undeniable fact of death casts its shadow over the human soul—that lingering hopes and fears, against which the so-called philosopher had striven, assert themselves irresistibly in the presence of this great emergency; or this at least it proves, that in every family those who are influenced by such hopes and fears, though they may be but the frailer of its members, assert their power in times of mourning, strong in the promptings of nature, and determined not to be overborne by the pratings of a cold-hearted so-called philosophic few. I think we may take some encouragement from the report thus made, that this atheistical skepticism is neither so widely spread nor so powerful as some fear.

And, secondly, if the world is not about to become Agnostic, certainly there is little fear of its falling under the dominion of a dogmatic Atheism. Practical atheists we have everywhere, if Atheism be the denial of God. But surely the boasted enlightenment of this century will never tolerate the gross ignorance and arrogant self-conceit which presumes to dogmatize as to things confessedly beyond its ken, and boldly asserts, because it cannot see God, that therefore He is not. A coarse materialism, which tells a man, because he is not conscious in himself of any stirring of spiritual life within him, that he may boldly deny the existence of all spirits, and professes to know that which its very theory proclaims to be unknowable, will surely never make progress among any but the most debased and ignorant in an age which prides itself on testing everything by experiment, and on not stirring one step beyond the calm convictions which an inquiring reason sanctions.

But if we do not fear either of these antagonists, this is no reason why we should not call to mind the evidences, many of them very old and very common-place, but not therefore the less forcible, whereby we may withstand their baneful influence, and thus hope to avert the ruin which they may bring on the unwary. Ask the objector, "Do you believe nothing which is not capable of being tested by the ordinary rules which govern experience in things natural? How then do you know that you yourself exist? How do you know that the perceptions of your senses are not mere delusions, and that there is anything outside you answering to what your mind conceives? Have you a mind? And if you have not, what is it that enables you to think and reason, and fear and hope? Are these conditions of your being the mere results of your material organism, like the headache which springs from indigestion, or the high spirits engendered by too much wine? Are you something better than a vegetable highly cultivated, or than your brothers of the lower animals? And, if so, what is it that differentiates your superiority? Why do things outside you obey your will? Who gave you a will? And, if so, what is it? I think you must allow that intellect is a thing almost divine, if there be anything divine; and I think also you must allow that it is not a thing to be propagated as we propagate well-made and high-bred cattle. Whence came

Alexander the Great? Whence Charlemagne? And whence the First Napoleon? Was it through mere process of spontaneous generation that they sprang up, to alter by their genius and overwhelming will the destinies of the world? Whence came Homer, Shakespeare, Bacon? Whence came all the great historians? Whence came Plato and all the bright lights of divine philosophy, of anatomy, of poetry? Their influence, after all, you must allow to be quite as wide and enduring as any produced by the masters of those positive material sciences which you worship. Do you think that all these great minds—for they are minds, and their work was not the product of a merely highly organized material frame—were the outcome of some system of material generation, which your so-called science can subject to rule, and teach men how to produce by growth, as they grow vegetables? Nay, will you venture to deny that on the lives and teaching of the great men who have swayed the world, there has been proof of some divine intention calling them into being, preserving them amid the accidents and difficulties of life, till they had accomplished the purposes for which that divine intelligence had shaped them?

We challenge these reasoners to look at facts, which they pride themselves as taking for their guide. The fact that you live, the fact that you trust the perceptions of your senses. The facts of the world's history and of the way in which mind, and not body, has dominated it. The fact that no knowledge of the wisest among you can even approach to the solution of this mystery of the power of mind; and I call upon you on your own principles to abandon your materialistic theories and worship an intelligence higher than your own, which pervades all things, and regulates all things, and has stamped upon your very nature the acceptance of certain principles which you could not gain for yourselves and cannot test by experience.

Or if we may descend to the harder ground of strictest logical argumentation, we challenge these men to give any intelligible account of how this bright world and all that lives in it came into existence without the action of a great first cause, that is God. Do you say it was evolved in the lapse of countless ages? I ask you, evolved from what, and how? If human life be the refined product of a thousand evolutions from the original protoplasm, how was the protoplasm endowed with this power of an almost endless fecundity? You gain nothing by driving your hypothesis back through the dark mists of an unknown antiquity—at last you must come to something which could not generate itself and endow itself with marvellous powers. You may mount your world upon an elephant, and your elephant upon a tortoise, and invent as many inferior animals as you please for the tortoise to ride upon; but at last you must come to something which has in itself the power of supporting itself, and that something must be God. No one has ever yet been able to refute the argument necessitating a great First Cause. And if there be such a cause it is the Author of our being, and it must be by the will of this Cause that through whatever length of time, and amid whatever changes, the world and all that inhabit it, and the whole material universe, have sprung into being. If there be such a Cause is it possible to divest yourself of the conviction that this First Cause is something not akin to the material frame, the development of which has sprung from a power imparted by it?

You may object to the phrase as too figurative, that God breathed into man's nostrils the breath of life and he became a living soul; but you cannot, I think, on your own principles, escape from the inference, logically deduced, that in some one or other of its forms, however long ago, this whole material system, in whatever primitive and undeveloped form it then existed, was, if we may not say breathed upon, at least influenced and directed and endowed with new powers by an Eternal and Self-Existing Mind. And if such a mind was in existence at the first, do you suppose it died or fell asleep when it had fashioned and wound up the material machine? A self-existing and eternal mind; how can it know death, or anything akin to death? The Lord from Whom creation springs at first must be its Lord ever. He may or may not put forth His powers in the direct regula-

tion of its processes, but these powers, almighty and omnipresent, if eternal, must exist forever; and God, being the Creator of the universe once, must, if there is any meaning in the terms by which we strive to express His existence, be ever Lord of it. If in all sincerity the man of science, who is guided by real facts, must allow that in man there is a mind as well as a body, this mind, at however vast a distance it may be placed from its original, and however faint its resemblance, must have something within it akin to that mind by which it was generated. It must be more like the Eternal Mind than the body is, for it has this in common with the Eternal Mind —that it thinks and wills. May I not believe that you will grant so much as this? Will your experimental philosophers refuse to take cognizance of their almost universal experiences of the human mind—its hopes, its terrors, its bright imaginings, its sense of right and wrong, feeble at first, but proved by experience to be capable of development, and therefore even in its rudimentary state existing even where inactive. Man has something within him which speaks of God, of something above this fleeting world, and rules of right and wrong have their foundation elsewhere than in man's opinion.

Do not tell me that in the savage these powers are scarce perceptible—no more perceptible is his power of understanding the propositions of Euclid, yet if he had not the power latent not all your education could ever make him understand them. The savage has a mind even when it is least instructed, and he has a conscience too, even when it knows least of God and of right and wrong. Let the experimental philosopher, then, look to the nature of man at his best, not the undeveloped nature of the child or the savage, but that matured nature which Bishop Butler considers the model of the real man, and therefore the specimen of what he is in truth. Let him observe the facts of this nature and listen to its utterances, and he will find all things proclaiming that there is an immutable, eternal distinction between right and wrong—that there is a God who is on the side of right; that man is not a mere material body, but is animated by a spirit within—that this spirit has in it longings and capacities which cannot be satisfied in the brief space of seventy years—that he is made for immortality, and is assured that he is immortal.

Are these very old arguments? Well, they are the answers to very old errors, and old errors do not become new by being expressed here and there in new language, and having collected a few new facts on the misinterpretation of which they strive to ground their claims to be believed as truths. I take it that the old writers, heathen, Jewish, and Christian, have, in truth, exhausted the arguments which can be used on this very old subject, and that they are not wrong in their conclusion that it is not the wise man or the true philosopher and man of science, but his reverse, who says in his heart there is no God.

Great is truth, and it will prevail. I do not fear, I say, that either an atheistical Agnosticism, or still less a dogmatic Atheism, is the philosophy of the future, destined to establish itself on the ruins of the Church of Christ. The only fear I have is that before such systems are smitten by the sword of sound argument and ignominiously driven forth by the revolt against them of all man's higher feelings they may do much harm to unstable souls. How shall we prevent this? Sound arguments must be at hand and will be easily found by those who have the skill to use them. But there is always some attraction in daring speculations which treat contemptuously time-honored convictions and try every art to invest themselves with an air of ingenuity and novelty. The best safeguard will be found in the development of the soul's highest and most godlike instincts, and thank God, in an attempt to cherish and train these we Christians believe that we have the aid of a Power which is Divine, and will help Christ's servants in the endeavor to fan the Divine spark to be found in every human soul, and to kindle in it a light which will preserve it from walking in darkness, and guide it in the search after truth and holiness.

A joke never gains over an enemy, but often loses a friend.

THE "OLD HISTORICAL CHURCH."

[In our last issue we gave an extract from a letter of the Rev. Mr. Melish in the *Church Union*, in which he rebuked the latest schism. It appears that he is now defending, in the columns of the same paper, the Church against assaults and misunderstandings.—Ed. Church Monthly.]

My present purpose is to make a few notes in reply to the article of brother John Williams, which was specifically addressed to me, in the *Church Union* of July 24th.

1. Mr. Williams argues that if the logic of Christian unity led me into the Protestant Episcopal Church, as that from which nearly all of our modern denominations originally seceded, the same logic should have carried me into the Roman Church, from which (Mr. Williams incorrectly says) the Church of England itself "went out." This is an important point, and to it I ask especial attention. If the premises of Mr. Williams be true, which I do not believe, I ought, undoubtedly, to go to "the Church of Pius IX. and Leo XIII.," as he happily calls it, and I cannot, for the life of me, see why brother Williams does not himself go, on his own premises. If I thought as he does, I should go at once, for I don't want to stand before the judgment-seat of God as a voluntary and acknowledged seceder. Mr. Williams has not faithfully read history. The Church of Pius IX. "seceded" from us, not we from it. The Church of England, which was from the beginning a component part of the original primitive Catholic Church, represented by three archbishops at the Council of Arles in A. D. 314, threw off, at the Reformation, certain superstitions and errors which had crept in during "the times of ignorance," and for doing this the inter-communion between the Church of Rome and the Church of England and its sister churches throughout the world has been suspended. But there has been no act of any party but the Pope which has suspended this inter-communion; there has never been any voluntary secession of the English Church, even from the Church of Rome.

But, of course, we do not consider the Church of Rome the "Catholic Church." It is a corrupt fragment of it, and we hope and pray that God will reform it in His good time; but the Catholic Church was the original primitive Church, founded by Jesus Christ and His apostles. The Church of England has never ceased to be a part of that original Church, and we believe God has called it to the high and holy mission of spreading reformation through the whole body, and to be the centre of restored apostolic Church unity, eventually. The Pope of Rome was the first to put in peril the original unity of the Catholic Church by his refusal to submit to the decree of the Council of Constantinople in regard to the Bishop of Constantinople: and, finally, he rent the unity of the Church by excommunicating the Oriental Church; and subsequently he excommunicated England and all other Protestants against Romish abuses, and the Day of Judgment, we believe, will show that the rending of the Body of Christ lies chiefly at the door of the Pope; the Man of Sin is the Man of this especial Sin of schism.

It is always distressing to me to hear any one make such admissions as my correspondent here does, viz: that we are all schismatics from Rome. It is the argument that Rome falsely uses, and which is constantly drawing thousands of Protestants back to Rome. The Protestant who uses it simply commits suicide.

2. The second error of Mr. Williams that I wish to call attention to, is the statement that the Church of England excommunicated John Wesley and the Methodists; his sentence being this: "John Wesley and his followers, a century ago, believed as fully in the Apostle's Creed as did any other Churchmen of that day. But this did not save them from ecclesiastical excommunication." Mr. Williams does not seem to be very clear in his own ideas on this matter, for he speaks in another sentence of the Methodists as those who "went out." There is a great difference between being put out of a house and going out of your own accord. The historical fact is that John Wesley never was put out, and never went out of

his own accord; he lived and died a presbyter of the Church of England; he implored his followers not to leave the Church; sai I he considered it very sinful for them ever to think of doing so; said that the doctrine of the Church of England was the doctrine of the Primitive Church; that he never had held or preached any other doctrine than that of the Church of England. This was John Wesley's testimony up to the hour of his death. His solitary mistake was in ordaining a bishop when he himself had no authority. This solitary act has broken off inter-communion, and caused Methodist separation. But we hope the day may come when this division may be healed, and when the daughter and the mother, who ought never to have been separated, may come together in eternal unity and peace.

As the relations of John Wesley and the early Methodists are exceedingly important in relation to Christian unity, I have been at some pains to gather together, from John Wesley's published sermons, his own expressions in reference to the matter, and ask the reader's careful attention to them.

They indicate what was his prevailing, constant, life-long feeling. These extracts show that his views on Christian unity were as follows:

(1) His followers should never separate from the Church of England.

(2) It would be sinful for them so to do.

(3) There was no necessity for such a separation.

(4) Whoever did separate was responsible for all the evils of schism, whether he intended them or not.

Therefore, whoever reveres the labors and views of this devoted saint, should use his influence to bring others to the same mind on these subjects. John Wesley thought that the evils resulting from the divisions among Christians were so very great that no division should ever be made, unless there was absolute necessity. As regards doctrine, there was no necessity for any separation from the Episcopal Church, or Church of England, because he said its doctrine was the doctrine of the Holy Scriptures and of the Primitive Church. He said, again, that in forming Methodist societies he had embraced no new doctrine, but the same doctrine which he held as an Episcopal minister for forty years.

We should all do all in our power to remove the divisions which unfortunately exist in the Church of God, and which are great stumbling-blocks in the way of irreligious men.

3. Brother Williams also states that the Church of England "*drove* the Baptists also not only out of her communion, but out of England." The fact is that the first Baptist church in England was founded by a Mr. Spilsbury, Sept. 12th, 1633, in London, consisting of "about twenty men and women, with divers others." (See Cramp's History of the Baptists, p. 345.) Five years later another congregation was formed, and in 1639 another. All of these were secessions from the Independents, who were themselves seceders from the Church of England a short time before. The Church never drove them out; the only thing of this sort was done by the Puritans of Massachusetts Colony, affixing severe penalties on the Baptists and Quakers.

The study of Church history is of the very highest importance to the organic unity of Christians. Its study cannot be overrated in importance by those who wish to understand the subject.

THOMAS J. MELISH.

Milford, Ohio, Sept. 13th, 1880.

A HOLY MOUNTAIN IN JAPAN.

It was ten o'clock ere we were ready to start. The same gray, unpromising weather continued, and our one consolation lay in the cool freshness of the air, knowing how trying would be the ascent over that great expanse of bare lava, should the sun blaze with the same fierce intensity that it had been doing for some time previous. We were already at a height of 2,500 feet above the sea-level, and our route from this point was a steady ascent over volcanic ash and cinders. The lower slopes of Mount Fujiyama are all wooded; a good deal of larch mingles with the fir, and raspberries grow abundantly.

About two and a half hours brought us to the rest-house, where by law we were obliged to leave our kangos, as no carrying nor any beast of burden is allowed on the holy mount. Even coolies cannot be engaged here; but those which foreigners bring with

them are winked at, and ours had agreed to accompany us all the way. From this point to the summit takes from seven to eight hours' steady walking. There are eight rest-houses, at easy intervals, two or three of which collapsed last Winter, and have not been rebuilt; but at the others, which are merely wooden sheds, may be had the welcome tiny cup of pale tea, and a bowl of rice with savory accompaniments, or a tray of sweetmeats, notably peppermint drops, and a sort of very strong crystallized peppermint, of which an infinitesimal quantity is given as a reviving dram. A drink by no means to be despised, and which we found very sustaining, is a compound of raw eggs beaten up with sugar and hot saki—a sort of wine distilled from rice. In our capacity of pilgrims we tasted all that was offered us, and rather enjoyed the curious fare.

Our route for some distance lay through a pleasant wood, in which we found a good deal of white rhododendron, blue monk's-hood, and masses of large pink campanula and small blue-bells. Further up we passed through thick alder scrub, and found quantities of real Alpine strawberries, on which we feasted. Finally we emerged on to the bare cone, which presented precisely the appearance of a vast cinder heap. One coolie had been told off to help each of the ladies, and mine did me good service by going ahead, carrying the two ends of a hammock, which (as being softer than a rope) I had passed around my waist. We pressed on in advance of the others, till, after five hours' climbing, we reached the rest-house known as No. 6, where I was welcomed by an old man, who, with infinite discretion, immediately spread a *fautong*, or quilt, rolled up another as a pillow, and heaped up a big fire, the material for which must have been brought from the woods far below. In a few minutes I began shivering violently, but was all right ere the others arrived, which they did in a sharp thunder-shower. The rain soon ceased, and then for the first time the summit stood out perfectly clear, seeming so close that it was quite aggravating not to have gained it. But we were all thoroughly tired, and disinclined to go further, so we arranged to sleep here. The sunset was magnificent, and a splendid double rainbow spanned the heavens. We had brought our own provisions and two Japanese attendants, so supper was duly served, and we then made the best of rough quarters. Our landlady at Shibashiri had kindly lent us a huge roll of quilts, made up in the form of gigantic wadded dressing-gowns with sleeves, three of which made a very heavy coolie-load. In these we wrapped ourselves up and lay down in the corner furthest from the wood-fire, round which our shivering coolies crouched, but the smoke of which made our eyes ache horribly.

The next morning we started for the last and by far the steepest part of the ascent. By mistake we got on to the track by which the pilgrims descend, which is quite straight instead of zigzagging, and also leads over very soft decomposed ash, in which we sank so deep at every step that it was very exhausting. We therefore struck across the cone, and scrambled over a belt of rough lava, beyond which we struck a very uncertain track, which, however, eventually led us to the beaten path trodden by such multitudes of pilgrims, and so thickly strewn with their straw sandals as to give it the appearance of having had straw laid over it. As these shoes cost somewhat less than a halfpenny a pair, they can be replaced without serious extravagance, and the provident traveller is wont to carry at least one extra pair; more would be unnecessary, as they are sold at every halting-place. Many pilgrims overtook us, hastening upward, and repeating in chorus a sort of chant, "Rokkonshojo, Rokkonshojo," which is a formula expressive of the purity of flesh and spirit required in those who ascend this holy mount.

Toward the summit the path leads right through several small shrines, in which the faithful may purchase small paper *goheis* floating from little sticks, which they plant in the lava as they ascend, and the curious, whether faithful or not, can purchase odd pictures and maps of Fujiyama, showing the various routes by which it may be ascended from all sides of the country. By dint of great exertion, and with the help of my faithful coolie, I managed to reach the summit at 5:30

A. M., just in time to see all the companies of white-robed pilgrims kneeling to adore the rising sun as his first rays gilded the mountain-top, and chanting deep-toned litanies. It was a very striking scene, though at a little distance the groups of white figures kneeling on the dark lava were singularly suggestive of sea-birds nestling on some high rock—a resemblance which was increased by their having removed their large hats, and covered their heads with a white cloth.

Having chanted their sunrise orisons, the next care of the pilgrims is to march in procession sunwise round the crater—a distance of about three miles. On descending the mountain the more zealous repeat the sunwise circuit round the base of the cone, which of course implies a very much longer walk.—*C. F. Gordon Cumming in Harper's Magazine for October.*

OPIUM IN CHINA.

Here is a sad story of facts which should put England to the blush. It deserves a place by the side of the record of our own country's dealings with the Indians. We copy from the London *Contemporary Review:*

Our designs on China are connected with what seems to be, on the whole, the most criminal part of our public action during the last half century. I mean our opium policy. We are still involved in the guilt of this crime. The story of our shame is a continuous one to this moment. Let no one pronounce this language to be too strong till he has looked into the undisputed facts of this miserable history. We began by smuggling opium into China. The Chinese Government, believing the use of opium to be pernicious, forbade the importation of it. That there is a great craving for it among the Chinese is not denied by the Chinese Government; it is a part of their case. The smuggling of opium became a very profitable trade, which the English authorities took no pains to check. In 1839 the Chinese made a determined effort to break up the trade, and they took steps by which they gained possession of an enormous quantity of opium, valued at nearly two million sterling, ready to be poured as contraband goods into the country. This they publicly destroyed. We made war upon them, and at the conclusion of the war, in 1842, we extorted from them, in sheer rapacity, an indemnity of five millions sterling. Forty years ago this war was denounced by Mr. Gladstone in these terms: "A war more unjust in its origin, a war more calculated to cover this country with permanent disgrace, I do not know, and have not read of." Yes, the disgrace has proved permanent in a sense beyond what he meant. In 1857 the smuggling of opium became the cause of a second war, in which we forced our way to Peking. The treaty of Peking, in 1860, included a clause which legalized the trade in opium. Opium is cultivated in India under a Government monopoly, and brings in a revenue variously estimated at six millions sterling, or upwards. The Chinese opposition to the sale and consumption of opium has been, in some degree, wearied by the long struggle; but there is evidence that, if it were possible, the use of this drug would be prohibited in China as stringently as ever.

After the murder of Mr. Margary, in Yunnan, a convention was concluded, in 1876, under which the Chinese paid a pecuniary indemnity and sent a mission to this country. The convention was negotiated by Sir Thomas Wade, Her Majesty's Minister in Peking. One of the clauses begins thus: "On opium, Sir Thomas Wade will move his Government to sanction an arrangement different from that affecting other imports." We have received the indemnity, but the arrangement which the clause goes on to describe has not been ratified. The Government were moved by Sir Thomas Wade, but they were also moved, and more powerfully, by the opium interest. Lord Salisbury, with that candor which sometimes characterized the late Government, explained the whole matter. The arrangement would have put it into the power of the Chinese to prevent smuggling. With smuggling prevented, they would have been able to raise their own internal duty on opium. "That would be a result," in Lord Salisbury's words, "which practically would neutralize the policy which has hitherto been pursued by this country with regard to that drug." No wonder that the Chinese have sus-

pected us of a design not only to make money, but to demoralize and to enfeeble their race. No wonder that the Bishop of Victoria should have been stopped, as he says, again and again, while preaching, with the question "Are you an Englishman? Is not that the country that opium comes from? Go back and stop it, and then we will talk about Christianity." "Are all my exertions," wrote Lord Elgin, "to result only in the extension of the area over which Englishmen are to exhibit how hollow and superficial are both their civilization and their Christianity?"

TWILIGHT ON TWEED.

Three crests against the saffron sky,
Beyond the purple plain;
The dear remembered melody
Of Tweed once more again.

Wan water from the border hills,
Dear voice from the old years—
Thy distant music lulls and stills
And moves to quiet tears.

Like a loved ghost thy fabled flood
Fleets through the dusky land;
Where Scott, come home to die, has stood,
My feet returning stand.

A mist of memory broods and floats:
The border waters flow;
The air is full of ballad notes,
Borne out of long ago.

Old songs that sung themselves to me,
Sweet through a boy's day-dream,
While trout below the blossom'd tree
Plashed in the golden stream.

Twilight and Tweed, and Eildon Hill,
Fair and thrice fair you be;
You tell me that the voice is still,
That should have welcomed me.

We have not the power of *forgetting* anything. However deeply our impressions may be covered by others, they are still in existence, and likely to be revived at any time. No man can touch pitch and not be defiled, and no one can read and take pleasure in a bad book without being led into sin. You become like what your mind dwells upon. 'As a man thinketh, so is he.' Thus by thinking of and meditating upon the deeds of good men, and more especially those of our dear Lord, we are made like them, and are changed into the same image.—*Lucy Ellen Guernsey.*

Neatness and its reverse, among the poor, are almost a certain test of their moral character.—*Dr. Whitaker.*

SCIENTIFIC,

Jupiter in his Splendor.—Jupiter is now a splendid object in the evening sky, says *The Sun.* He has nearly reached his perihelion, and his brilliancy is so great that his light, in the absence of the moon, casts a shadow. Saturn, his near neighbor, although equal to a first magnitude star, seems very dim by contrast. Even such famous twinklers as Arcturus, Vega, and Capella, which ordinarily would appear the most brilliant objects in the sky at this season, are hardly noticed by the eye that turns from the overpowering light of the great planet. The steadiness of Jupiter's light, especially when he is near the meridian, adds to the beauty of the scene. The naked eye can almost detect the outlines of the disk. It looks somewhat like one of Edison's ground glass globes glowing with electric light. Shining so serenely against the sky, it is difficult to realize the gigantic power of this planet. Yet astronomers say Jupiter's attraction is so great at his perihelion, that even the sun shows its effects in physical convulsions, and in the extraordinary display of electric forces. Some think that Jupiter's near approach is the cause of the earthquakes and the electric storms that have of late wrought destruction in various parts of the earth. Yet the beautiful star that illumines these Autumn nights gives no hint of the mighty forces that are every instant radiated from it.

Chloral Applied Externallly.—Chloral hydrate is now employed by physicians with considerable success in neuralgic pains and in cancer of the breast, and this, in some instances, when other sedatives and narcotics have notably failed to give relief. The mode of application practiced in such cases is by the saturation of folds of lint, of the size of the part to be treated, brought into close contact, then covered with three or four layers of lint covered with oil-silk or spongiopiline wrung out of hot water. The application to raw surfaces requires, of course, special care in manipulation. The strength of the solution is about four drachms to sixteen ounces of water, and the addition of a small quantity of glycerine is found advantageous.

Editor's Book Table.

THE AUTHORSHIP OF THE FOURTH GOSPEL; External Evidences. By Ezra Abbott, D.D., LL.D., Bussey Professor of New Testament Criticism and Interpretation in the Divinity School of Harvard University. Boston: Geo. H. Ellis, 101 Milk street. 1880.

We are glad to find Prof. Abbott "following with us" so far that he is a defender of the genuineness of St. John's Gospel against the attacks of infidelity. In this he follows in the footsteps of Prof. Andrews Norton, formerly of Cambridge, to whose work on "The Genuineness of the Gospels" he frequently refers. Prof. Abbott's essay relates chiefly to the arguments against the genuineness of St. John's Gospel by the author of "Supernatural Religion," and particularly to his arguments drawn from the loose and inaccurate wording of the references to the Gospels by Justin Martyr and other Fathers of the second century. The author of "Supernatural Religion" argues that these references are not to our extant Gospels, but to other memoirs of Christ which have not come down to us. Prof. Abbott replies that memoirs worthy of being thus referred to, and in such credit among Christians, would have come down to us; that the hypothesis of such memoirs is entirely gratuitous, and utterly unsupported by proof; that one reason of Justin's loose manner of reference was that he, as an apologist, was addressing himself to men with whom the Gospels were no authority, and consequently his references to them were merely incidental in the course of his account of Christian doctrines; that later Fathers quote the Gospels inaccurately from memory, in days when all admit that the Four Gospels were in existence; that even modern writers often quote the Gospels inaccurately (illustrating the point by a very curious collation of nine different forms, in which Jeremy Taylor has quoted the text "Except any one be born of water and the Spirit, he cannot enter into the kingdom of God"); finally, that there is an immense amount of direct evidence to the early existence of the fourth Gospel along with the other three, such as references by both Christian writers and their adversaries to statements made only in the Fourth Gospel; the use of four Gospels among both orthodox Christians and early Gnostic heretics, the existence at an early day of Harmonies of the Four Gospels, early statements of the Canon of Christian Scripture, and so on. Prof. Abbott has confined himself to a limited section of the critical controversy, but he has worked that section thoroughly, and with great evidence of learning and research. He has thoroughly exposed the sophisms of "Supernatural Religion" on one point, which may serve as a sample of many more. He confesses great obligations to the articles of Prof. (now Bishop) Lightfoot in the *Contemporary Review*, which thoroughly dissected the reasonings of "Supernatural Religion," and which it is much to be wished were accessible to all readers, in book form.

We are glad to find that Prof. Abbott so far "followeth with us." We should be still more glad to be assured that he accepts the doctrines of the Fourth Gospel in their literal sense; that he receives the testimonies of Christ concerning Himself (which if He were indeed a good man, must be true); that he believes in pardon through Christ's blood, and in the grace of the Sacraments, as Justin

Martyr states those truths; that he accepts the testimony of the Fathers not only as to the sacred writings current among them, but also as to the government and the faith of the Church in their day. There is scarcely a hint in this book that he does not do all these things, and we may take our leave of it and of him with the heartfelt wish "Cum talis sis, utinam noster esses."

PROTESTANT FOREIGN MISSIONS: Their Present State. A Universal Survey. By Theodore Christlieb, D.D., Ph.D., Professor of Theology and University Preacher, Bonn, Prussia. Authorized Translation from the German, by David B. Croom, M.A. New York: Anson D. F. Randolph & Co., 900 Broadway, cor. 20th street. 1880.

The juxtaposition of these two books illustrates well the necessary work of Christ's Church in this age. With one hand she has to repel the assaults of infidelity at home, while with the other she carries on her aggressive warfare against heathenism abroad. And as the assaults of infidelity seem to some of the Church's timid children to be more dreadful and successful than they really are, so a large part of her members are not at all aware how great and how increasing is the progress of the Gospel in heathen lands. Dr. Christlieb's book is well adapted to furnish this knowledge, and to encourage the interest and efforts of Christians in the missionary cause. The principal argument against Foreign Missions is their alleged want of success; and nothing can refute this argument like the logic of facts—such facts as the conversion of the islands of the Pacific, the Christianization of Madagascar and New Zealand, the dotting the fields of Asiatic Turkey and India and China and Japan with a galaxy of Christian light-points as numerous and as brilliant as the Christians of the first ages set throughout the Roman empire: the honeycombing of the systems of Mohammedanism and Hindooism and Buddhism by the fretting forces of Christian belief and Christian intelligence; the actual existence to-day of more than a million and a half of converts from heathenism and their actual increase at a rate which, even under the present comparative apathy of Christendom, will demonstrably make the greater part of heathendom Christian by the time the year of our Lord 2000 dawns upon the world—these are some of the facts of the missionary work that encourage the believing helper of missions, and ought to put to shame those who neglect, and still more those who mock, this work of "the Lord against the mighty." One or two more facts. The collective contributions of Protestantism for Foreign Missions, if Dr. Christlieb is right in his calculations, being about a million and a quarter of pounds annually, are five times the income of the Romish Propaganda. Of the missions of Russia and the Oriental Churches, he says nothing. About one-half of the whole missionary effort of the Protestant world is put forth by our mother country England, and more than half of the converts from heathenism are in countries under her jurisdiction. England alone has 1,300 ordained white missionaries in the Foreign field. The United States do for Foreign Missions more than Germany, the author's country, although ("tell it not in Gath! proclaim it not in the streets of Ashkelon!") more than half the parishes of that "Protestant Episcopal denomination" which calls itself the American Church, never give anything for Foreign Missions at all. When the King in His glory comes to the throne of His kingdom, which

kind of His professed "soldiers and servants" can expect to inherit His rewards?

Dr. Christlieb's little book, which can be bought for a few shillings, presents a mass of missionary statistics and details that can hardly be found anywhere else in any one book. It is a work worthy the author of the lectures on "Modern Doubt and Christian Belief." He is a zealous member of the Evangelical Alliance, and seems scarcely to have a realizing sense of the guilt of schism and the evils of Christendom's existing disunions; as may be seen from the following utterance of his: "The promise of extension throughout the world, and eternal duration, was not given to this Church or to that, but to the one pure Gospel." Yet, while the Churchman still believes in Christ's Holy Catholic Church, and in Christ's promises made to her expressly as a Church (pure Gospel perhaps implied), he may learn much from the researches of an earnest, zealous, though in some points mistaken, Christian, such as Theodore Christlieb of Bonn. His complaints that Episcopacy has been introduced into some regions that were converted by non-Episcopal Christians, spring of course from this want of understanding of the historic constitution of the Church, and of the importance of the historic Church as a factor in all permanent Christianity.

THE CHEVALIER'S DAUGHTER. Being one of the Stanton Corbet Chronicles. By Lucy Ellen Guernsey. New York: Thomas Whittaker.

As the name indicates, this book is written in the chronicle style. It is the autobiography of a woman of Vaudois descent, living in France and England in the troublous times of Louis XIV. and during the reign of the profligate monarch, Charles II. The fascinating old-time manner in which it is written lends additional interest to the record of really exciting events. Many of the incidents connected with the persecution of the Protestants in France at that time, the author tells us, are true. It would be well for the—this century—admirers of Madame de Maintenon, to read this tale of the days when she, like too many others, availed herself of the infamous laws of the time. Quite a romantic little love story threads its quiet way through the labyrinth of more exciting events, and is not the least entertaining feature of the story. It is a book which, we believe, cannot fail to do a good work, while it must certainly interest any one who has the good fortune to read it.

OLD PATHS: A Course of Sermons for the Christian Year. By John N. Norton. New York: Thomas Whittaker. Price $2.

This is the sixth volume of a series from the pen of this prolific writer The peculiarity which marks all these volumes is that every sermon is illustrated by anecdotes. This style of sermonizing is not usually regarded as the most edifying to educuted congregations. It prevails generally among those who find it their mission to preach to the less educated. Our clergy seldom resort to it. Yet it should not be forgotten that one of the most popular preachers of his day, the late Rev. John A. Clark, when rector of Christ church, then in Anthony street, New York, drew crowds to hear his earnest Sunday evening discourses, almost every one of which was illustrated by anecdote, generally some reminiscence of pastoral experience. It is by no means because Dr. Norton cannot produce a higher order of sermons that he adopts this style. He is convinced that thus he may reach those who would be missed by sermons of a dif-

ferent kind. He says in his preface: "If the testimony of thousands who have read these sermons with profit; if the accounts of many of our Bishops and other clergy, telling of infidel doubts removed, of family altars set up, of persons brought to Confirmation; and of the fact that an English Colonial Bishop furnished at his own cost a supply for all the rural parishes in his jurisdiction—if these are evidences of God's favor, then the author has had his reward."

KEY TO ADAMS'S SYNCHRONOLOGICAL CHART OF UNIVERSAL HISTORY, 4,000 B. C. to 1878 A. D. By John E. Colby, M.A. New York: Colby & Co.

At No. 31 Union Square, in this city, may be seen a very valuable historical chart. It is an improvement upon all that have preceded it, and by an ingenious arrangement brings before the eye in decades all the prominent characters and events in history. The "stream of time" is marked off into centuries; each century is subdivided into ten decades, and occasionally one year spaces are indicated. Illustrations representing objects and occurrences, are placed upon the chart. By a change of color is designated a change of rulers; by dividing the stream, a revolt; and by uniting streams, conquest. By crossing the chart on decade or century columns, contemporaneous events are found. And this is a highly interesting feature.

Everything is so easily traceable on the chart that the only use for a key is that the persons and events being here arranged alphabetically, time, which would otherwise be spent in searching, may be saved.

The opening article in *Harper's* for October is 'The Ascent of Fujiyama,' beautifully written, and illustrated by the author, Miss C. F. Gordon-Cumming. We give an extract in another place. The next paper, 'Art-Needlework,' is by Lucretia P. Hale, and is certainly most timely. It gives a long and interesting account of the Vienna School, and is deseriptive also of various kinds of lace work and embroidery. 'An Autumn Holiday' is in Sarah A. Jewett's usually fascinating style, and is beautifully illustrated. Mr. Black's novel, 'White Wings,' still continues; and there are six chapters of 'Washington Square,' by Henry James, Jr. There are also short stories by Mary N. Prescott and George Parsons Lathrop. A. A. Hayes, Jr., who is always interesting in travel, has "written up" 'Chicago, the Metropolis of the Prairies.' The paper contains, besides a map of the city, twenty-two illustrations. From the late Dr. Thomas M. Brewer we have not only a beautiful tribute to his old friend John James Audubon, but also a very interesting collection of letters written to him by the great naturalist while the latter was engaged upon his most important work. The article is illustrated by a fine portrait of Audubon, and a picture of his homestead on the Hudson. Mrs. A. E. Barr contributes a sketch (with illustrations) of Flora MacDonald, a lady who is not only to be remembered for her loyalty to Prince Charles Edward, but also as connected with our American Revolution. Henry O. Dwight contributes an entertaining and instructive paper, entitled 'Some Peculiarities of Turkish Politics,' showing the difficulties, inherent in the national and social structure of Turkish life, in the way of any reform from within the nation itself. Mrs. M. Howland shows what recent and important progress has been made in bee culture. John Codman, captain of the Sophia Walker, an accident upon which vessel figured so prominently in 'A Puzzle for

Metaphysicians,' published in the June *Harper*, contributes some very interesting notes, including besides that incident, several others, furnishing "puzzles for metaphysicians," connected with his cruises. Mr. Conway's 'Demon Hunt with St. Hubert in Touraine,' draws aside the masks from several of the bogies of that region, especially in the case of Louis XI., who appears, after all, to have been one of the most patriotic of monarchs. The article is beautifully illustrated. 'Does Farming Pay?' is a humorous poem. The other poetry is 'Keats,' by John Tabb; 'Is it all There Still?' by Z. B. Gustafson; 'A Buddhist Vision,' by Frances L. Mace; and 'Morning and Evening by the Sea,' by James T. Fields.

Appletons' Journal never fails to open with a good story. In the October number we have the first part of 'All Alone,' by André Theuriet. There is next, the conclusion of Judge Morgan's interesting paper on the 'International Tribunals of Egypt.' A very entertaining and somewhat amusing article is 'Curiosities of Wills.' It is a review of a recent English work, 'Curiosities of the Search-Room." We clip, for the benefit of those who are fortunate enough to have sufficient possessions to render it proper to make a will, the following good advice:

"In making a will," says our author, "much mischief may be prevented by brevity, provided it be combined with lucidity; it is a mistake to suppose that many words or many repetitions tend to perspicuity: on the contrary, with these, there is great danger of 'elucidating into obscurity.' All ambiguities should be avoided—'my black and white horses,' we have learned, does not bear the same meaning as 'my black and my white horses.' Prepositions must be vigilantly watched; the smallest monosyllable in the English language, used or misused in a will, becomes a gigantic power, and 'of' has before now been the cause of protracted and expensive lawsuits. Families have been thrown into chancery for years, their property shorn down to minute proportions, lawyers enriched, and succeeding generations beggared, by the omission or addition of half a word. 'Child' for 'child*ren*' has been known to occasion the most harassing litigation, and to have kept families who were brought up to large expectations, and were entitled to colossal fortunes, starving for years under the law's delay. . . .

"When a layman writes his own will, he had better take as a model that of the ingenious testator of Lewes ('*Mrs. A—— to have all when I die*), whose laconic style must have effectually thwarted all attempts to interfere with his intentions. 'When I die,' need scarcely have been inserted, and then the will would have been within the narrowest limits of brevity; but as it is not too long even with them, we cannot but think he was right in making assurance doubly sure. Above all, let the layman avoid legal terms, lest the law insist on giving them a legal interpretation of which the poor man never dreamed."

An instructive article is the 'Talk about Sonnets,' from *Blackwood*. 'The Romance of Literary Discovery' is brim full of anecdotes, every one of which is a marvel of strange happenings, by which some of the most valued portions of literature have been preserved to the world. 'An Anonymous Admirer' is the title of a pleasant love story. 'A Perished Kernel' is a historic sketch of great romantic interest. The article on the 'Bradlaugh Controversy' consists of Cardinal Manning's 'Englishman's Protest,' and a comment thereon by Leslie Stephen. The latter makes the following startling statement: "I will venture to give my guess that such members of Parliament as condescend to deal in theological questions, have very much the opinions of the ordinary cultivated Englishman. They are much too respectable, as a rule, to say anything shocking to their clergy or

to their wives; but if they are not saturated to the core with the opinions which clergymen denounce as atheism and materialism, my experience must have been of the most exceptional kind." There is a review of Bastian's 'Brain as the Organ of Mind.' The fourth part of Dr. Richardson's 'Health and Home'; 'Modern Italian Painting and Painters,' by James Jackson Jarves'; 'Smiling and Mourning,' a poem, by Alfred Percival Graves; and the usual entertaining miscellany of the Editor's Table.

"Porpoise Shooting" is the opening paper of the *Scribner* for October, and is an article of a great deal of interest, describing with many interesting details how these valuable fish are captured by the Passamaquoddy Indians on the Bay of Fundy. H. C. Bunner, following the happy suggestion of Mr. Rideing in the September *Harper's*, gives us a chapter on "Shanty-town," going more deeply, though not more entertainingly, over that uneven ground. It is excellently illustrated by F. H. Lungren, R. Blum, Walter Shirlaw, H. P. Share, and W. Taber. "One Hundred Miles in Mammoth Cave," is a very interesting description of that remarkable cavern, by H. C. Hovey. The poetry is too striking a feature to be overlooked. There is "A Group of Poems," among which are some charming verses by Lucrèce Margaret, J. Preston, H. L. C., and others. Besides these, "Seven Seconds," by Lyadel Barnes Gustafson, is an odd conception, wrought into very graceful verse. Another poem, which will repay the reading, is "There is a Natural Body," by O. E. D. There are a number of readable articles upon the various subjects of politics, lawn-planting, etc. "The Grandissimes" is concluded. It is to be regretted that so excellent a number as this could not have furnished a short story better worth the reading than "Miss Stotford's Specialty."

A very pretty frontispiece, 'Ahoy, lads, ahoy!' drawn by M. J. Burnes, adorns the October *St. Nicholas*. This number completes the seventh volume of the magazine, and also happily ends Louisa M. Alcott's popular serial story, 'Jack and Jill.' The second and concluding part of 'The Naughtiest Day of My Life,' by H. H., has an illustration of 'The Prisoner' in the garret, by Robert Lewis. 'The Fairport Nine' is continued. The boys will no doubt eagerly read 'Some Man-Eaters,' whose ways and habits Earnest Ingersoll describes. In 'The House with the Lace Front,' Olive Thorne gives a very entertaining account of a colony of birds living in the upper story of a house 'not a thousand miles from New York.' There are half a dozen poems and rhymes, and five complete short stories. 'Charity Carter's Picnic,' by Sarah J. Prichard, and 'Zack's Excursion Trip,' by Emma L. Plympton, are much alike in their leading points; but even a little sameness may be forgiven in two such well-told stories as these. 'Jack-in-the-Pulpit,' 'The Letter-Box,' and 'The Riddle-Box' are all full of bits and scraps both entertaining and useful.

Books Received.—Everlasting Punishment: Lectures delivered at St. James's church, Piccadilly, on the six first Sundays after Trinity, in the year 1880. By Edward Meyrick Goulburn, D.D., Dean of Norwich. New York: Pott, Young & Co. Price $1.25.

The True Faith of our Forefathers: Being a refutation of Dr. Stearns's 'Faith of our Forefathers,' and a vindication of Archbishop Gibbon's 'Faith of our Fathers.' By a Professor of Theology in Woodstock College, S. J., Maryland. New York: The American News Co. Price 75c.

Editor's Portfolio.

At this season the papers are filled with political speeches, political news, partizan laudation, and partizan abuse. How many voters interested on their own side of a question ever read the statements of the opposite party? They will eagerly wade through a speech of several columns advocating their own views, but they could not be persuaded even to skim an editorial of half that length in refutation. Of the rank and file of those who laud their own candidate, how many are willing to admit that an opposing candidate is either wise or honest? The effect of this state of things is that electors do not go to the polls with an intelligent conviction of the justice of their own cause. They have not weighed the subject at all. They have not only not taken into account, they have ignored, and a majority of them probably have never heard of, the objections brought forward by opponents as wise and honest as they. Another effect is that our political papers cease to be, in the proper sense of the word, *newspapers*. In political matters they do not give the news; they give their own version of the news, eliminating what would make for the opposite side, and filtering the remainder through their own prejudices. But on this subject we find the following in the Editor's Table of *Appletons' Journal* for October:

It seems to be a settled thing that a newspaper must espouse the cause of one or the other of the two political parties, and defend through thick and thin its men and its measures. One would suppose this to be just exactly the very last thing that a *newspaper* would attempt to do. For above all things it is the mission of a newspaper to give the news, the news sifted and scrutinized that it may be trustworthy, and so arranged as to give a right perspective as to the importance of each event; but this mission the partizan newspaper deliberately and persistently disregards. Within the scope of political intelligence it bends its whole energies to misrepresent the news, at one time to suppress it, at another to exalt it, and at all times to falsely color it. The newspaper here simply abandons its purpose, and surrenders the very reason and groundwork of its being. It would be a great nuisance if one had to take politics with all his purchases —an harangue on Hancock with his hat, a tirade against Garfield with his cheese, an assault on hard money with his joint; but his hat, his cheese, and his joint might not suffer in quality in consequence of these peculiar conditions, while in the newspaper there is not only the nuisance of having political scandal forced down one's throat, but the certainty that the article is in consequence greatly deteriorated. Editors are expected to analyze news, to throw light on perplexing questions, and it is probably well enough for them to express their opinions on subjects under public discussion (in partizan newspapers editors don't express their opinions—they manufacture opinions, pretend to opinions), but partizanship, that is determining beforehand to praise all that *A* does, and denounce all that *B* does; to favor all the projects, whether sound or unsound, advanced by one set of men, and to resist all the projects devised by another set of men —why in the world must they do all this for their party? Does their party pay them better to falsify news than the public would to give correct news? Is news the one commodity that brings the better price the more obviously it is worthless? To our mind, it is a great affront to have the morning journal spiced with invectives and falsities, fiery with epithets against harmless persons, fierce in imprecations against the other side of a case. We ought to be permitted to read it without being insulted, if we have a different opinion, and without having our neighbor insulted, if we are of the same opinion. Absolutely partizan politics has no more logical place in

a newspaper than it has in a grocer's bill, and the time will come when this will be discovered. It defeats the end of a newspaper. It is the surrender of a primary purpose to a wholly imaginary notion of the function of a paper. Let politicians, if they will, revive the old partizan pamphlet, so that we may get political abuse and scandal in separate parcels, and not mixed up with matters with which they have no concern. Let the newspaper be as impartial as light and day, giving the news, the whole news, and nothing but the news, so that we may trust what we are reading, allowing all so inclined to purchase political refuse and dirt in publications confessedly carrying the black flag.

A writer, signing himself Robert Quaile, from Ottawa, Canada, claiming to be a member of the Reformed Episcopal Church, writes to the *Living Church*, expressing his disgust at certain transactions. He says that the congregation at Ottawa was organized under the auspices of Mason Gallagher, who was sent there for that purpose. The strong points in that gentleman's preaching were his denunciations of the terms Priest and Altar, which would not be found in the Reformed Episcopal Prayer Book. The new Church knew no Priest but Christ, and no Altar but Calvary. "Hence the destruction of Ritualism for all time to come." But now it appears that there was an Easter service in "Bishop" Cheney's church, Chicago, an account of which appeared in the *Appeal*, the official organ of the new denomination; which organ is edited by four of its bishops, Mr. Gallagher himself being one of the assistant editors. This account goes into the particulars of the occasion, describing the floral decorations "confined to the chancel and *altar*, Bishop Cheney officiating." The reading-desk was ornamented with a "magnificent floral cross of white lilies, bearing the sacred monogram I. H. S." There was "a profusion of floral crosses and stars, mostly white," "carnations and white roses," "relieved by delicate borderings of green or light red." The afternoon service was the Easter anniversary of the Sunday-school. There were the usual floral offerings, and "the church was one vast flower garden." The Ottawa correspondent complains that here is an authoritative restoration of the altar, and according to Reformed Episcopal logic *necessarily* a priest. The word *table* is not once used in the description; while the turning the church which has an "altar" in it into a vast flower garden, authorizes the demand to show cause why those who have left the Canadian Episcopal Church should not return thereto as being far less sacerdotal than the Reformed Episcopal Church.

Dr. John Hall in his Yale lectures, says: "A certain gravity is expected, through a right human instinct, in ministers. Not that the particular attitude of the facial muscles is of any spiritual significance, one way or the other, but men feel that while we are handling grave and most serious matters we ought to be serious. Did you ever see the pilot take a ship through a perilous passage? He is grave. I have seen the surgeon's knife drawn round the limb where an error of an inch would have been a terrible mistake. He was grave. I have heard a conscientious judge weigh and set out in the utmost fulness the evidence in a murder case, as earnestly bent on putting everything fairly, as if his own life depended on the issue. Any levity here would be out of place; and on the same principle, by the average of mankind, gravity will be looked for in us who deal with matters of life and death, and speak for God."

Doubtless in the reaction from an age of too much austerity of manner the tendency among the clergy of today may be to an undue levity. Older

as well as younger brethren may need a reminder upon the subject. But as a specimen of reasoning the above is not at all creditable to Dr. John Hall. The pilot, the surgeon, the judge are grave when in the midst of their serious or perilous duties. And as "any levity *here* would be out of place," ergo ministers must be grave. Some of the young divinity students of Yale, fresh from the undergraduate course where they had been studying logic, might very reasonably ask, How is it with the pilot, the surgeon, and the judge when off duty? One might almost think, from many examples to be met with every day, that they who have the gravest and most serious duties to perform, are most inclined to buoyancy of spirits in hours of leisure. They seem to be impelled to it by a nervous reaction. Instances of like effects are on record in regard to some of the most profound and earnest preachers of the Gospel. Or Dr. Hall's listeners might have asked another question—Did he ever see or hear of a minister of whatever creed or sect, who when dealing from the pulpit with matters of life and death and speaking for God, or in private remonstration with the individual, or consoling the afflicted, who was not grave *then?* If not, then what becomes of the argument to be drawn from the examples adduced?

A better argument would be that the manner of a man whose soul is deeply penetrated with the great truths with which he deals, will be modified accordingly. And if in the exuberance of health, with a clear conscience and light heart, there is a tendency, in hours of relaxation or of social intercourse, to *undue* levity, he should bear in mind that this is incongruous with the dignity of his office as an ambassador of God. It is said of one minister who was constitutionally light-hearted, that on being remonstrated with by some of his congregation, he replied, "If you only knew how much I hold back, you would not say a word."

We are sorry to see it announced that the Ober-Ammergau Passion Play is to be reproduced in one of the New York theatres. The idea of having our Lord and the Apostles personated on a stage, and the most holy and solemn scenes of His life and the tragedy of His death enacted for public entertainment, is sufficiently shocking. But the accounts of this play, enacted in the quiet and picturesque surroundings of Ober-Ammergau, as given us by clergymen and laymen who have witnessed it, leave it clear that it is possible to represent the Passion on the stage in such a manner as not to shock, but rather to edify, an audience. But those actors themselves are not professional. They never perform in any other parts. They are devoutly pious, and particularly fervent in prayer for grace and blessing on this work. Their performance, therefore, is a serious sermon by scenic representation. It preaches by illustration. It would be as repulsive to have this enacted by professional theatre actors, however skilled, as it would be to have the same persons, on account of their grace of manner and elocutionary power, preach to Christian congregations on Sunday.

This is a serious matter, and ought to be looked to in time. In one of our Western cities an attempt was made to produce the Passion Play, but it was promptly put down by the authorities. It ought to be stopped here. All the devout and reverent sentiments of the Christian heart cluster around the person of our Lord and the sad scenes of His suffering life. And if the representation of

them upon the stage has been tolerated at all, it is only, as has been shown, under circumstances where the actors themselves were persons of devoted piety, and made their representation an act of devotion. Aside from these conditions, the Passion Play would be blasphemous.

There are probably few who have not heard or known of the excitement which recently prevailed over the country about procuring cancelled postage stamps, a million of which were to obtain a certain sum to be expended in somebody's education. A writer in *The Independent*, who was personally and actively interested in gathering such stamps, now comes forward and acknowledges that she, with a vast army of others, was the victim of a hoax. It appears that some poor girl had heard or read that some person in England had offered $400 for a million of cancelled postage stamps. She conceived the idea of enlisting the aid of friends and strangers to enable her to procure the requisite number, and thus raise a fund sufficient to pay for her education. Schools, colleges, families, and tradesmen were enlisted in the good cause, and the million—filling a Saratoga trunk—were at length secured. The craze had continued for four years. But by this time the girl had disappeared, and was nowhere to be found. The papers gave notice that the stamps were ready, but where was the girl? The Government began to be suspicious that these stamps had been gathered for no good purpose, and detectives were set to work. A member of the Massachusetts Legislature at length undertook an investigation of the whole affair. It resulted in ascertaining that there really was such a girl who had done enough to set the ball in motion, and then had probably abandoned the idea and thought no more about it. All the rest was a mere hoax.

It is not an uncommon thing to see announced in the papers the marriage of a couple first by a Protestant and afterwards by a Roman Catholic clergyman, or *vice versa*. But a marriage of this kind, it seems, is regarded as a mortal sin; and this we have on the authority of Cardinal Manning. A third "scandal" of the kind having occurred in England, His Eminence addresses to the clergy of the Archdiocese of Westminster a letter which we find in the London *Times*. He quotes the fourth Westminster Provincial Council, as declaring "that the act of a Catholic in going before a non-Catholic minister, as a minister of religion, and making the marriage contract before him, thereby unites himself to a heretical ritual from whence would arise an implicit adhesion to heresy; and that it is illicit and sacrilegious as a communication *in divinis* with the same. It further adds that Benedict XIV. declares all such Catholics *peccare mortaliter*."

Speaking of marriages, are our readers aware that a marriage with a foreigner must be in accordance with the law of the country in which the alien resides, otherwise the courts of that country may declare the marriage null and void? The following we clip from an editorial in the London *Times*. Doubtless what has happened in England may occur as well in America:

A Miss Belgrave married, in 1876, a young Frenchman at the church of St. Matthias, Earl's Court, in London. The banns were duly published; there was no irregularity in the marriage, according to English law; and the husband was quite able to know his own mind, seeing he was over one-and-twenty. Nearly three years after

this marriage, M. Desainte, for that was his name, made known to his father, for the first time, the fact that he had taken to himself a wife. He was invited to return to Paris; his father appeared inclined to pardon him and to recognize the marriage. The son visited his parents, but returned in a few days to London, bringing various presents for his wife from his mother and sisters. He then went back to Paris, telling his wife before he left her that he would rejoin her in a day or two. He did not return. His family induced him to desert his wife; the father took exception to the validity of the marriage; and the Civil Tribunal of the Seine has decided that the marriage is void, inasmuch as the young man was only twenty-two at the time the ceremony was performed, and as he had not obtained the assent of his father and mother. Madame Desainte was held to be no true wife; she and her children were turned into the street, and might have perished but for timely charity. Such, it is said, are the facts of the case, and they are not unique. A correspondent, the Lady President of the Mission Homes at Paris, mentioned three other instances which had just come under her notice, and not a few cases in which the requirements of the French law have been a snare to ignorant Englishwomen, must be in the recollection of every one.

The Wesleyans have lately been holding a triennial conference in England. The assembly was not a little exercised over the report of a loss of 37,729 in the last three years. This was attributed in great measure to the increased activity manifest in the Church of England. The Wesleyan Society had reached its great harvest when the Church was fast asleep and the Dissenters nodding. But now the Church was awake. But here is a confession from Dr. Pope, one of the speakers, which, says the *Church Times*, may well arrest the attention of all Methodists: "The last century sent down to us 'societies' well organized and admirable, possessing all the excellences, but having none of the faults, of the old religious orders that were the strength and glory of Roman Catholicism. This century has transformed those societies into a great and ambitious Christian Church."

A Mr. Montagu Russell Butler, it appears, is about to publish a record of "modern Roman Catholic dignitaries who have seceded from Romanism." In the course of his inquiries he has ascertained some facts which it is well for Church people to know. An archdeacon writes to him that "there are more men in the *ministry* of our Church, converts from Rome, than all that have gone over to Rome." Father Benson tells him "It is absolutely provable that the gains of the Protestant Episcopal Church in America upon the Roman Catholic priesthood are greater than those of Rome against the Protestant Episcopal Church; also that as the Church life of America has revived, and Church principles have become better understood, the tide has been turned *from* Rome." Mr. Butler adds that it is a significant fact that "of the many priests who secede from the Church of Rome in our day, the majority are men of singular erudition."

After penning the above, we met with the following in an editorial of the New York *Times* of Sept. 15th:

There are no recent statistics showing the relative expansion of the various religious sects of the country, but there is not the slightest indication that the Roman Catholics are gaining in power and influence in relation to the great body of non-Catholic believers and unbelievers. On the contrary, there is every reason for believing that in the rapid increase of our population from all sources they are not holding their ground. Unquestionably, the principles of the Romish Church are in opposition to the theories on which our Government

is based and conducted. Its teachers believe that the Church should dominate the education of the people and the conduct of the Government. But it is equally beyond question that the people of the country are so thoroughly attached to the fundamental principles of free government that there is not the least danger that they will permit any encroachment of the Church in the field of action which belongs to the State.

The balloon ceased to be a mere toy when it was used for war purposes. In our last number we gave an interesting account of the results of investigations and experiments preparatory to using the balloon in Arctic explorations. The London Central Arctic Committee have now united with the Aeronautical Society, and formed an association under the name of The Balloon Society of Great Britain, with the intention of "conducting experiments for future ballooning in the Arctic regions in aid of the proposed British-Canadian expedition for attempting to reach the North Pole, and also to render excursions in the air more frequent and popular, by bringing about a system of joint action between the several aeronauts for the purpose of prosecuting meterological and general scientific investigations in the atmosphere, as well as affording the means for invigorating and pleasurable ascents to many who could not otherwise avail themselves of the rare and irregular opportunities hitherto in vogue." On the 3d of September this Society was inaugurated, and eight balloons from eight different points in London were liberated. A silver medal was to be awarded to the aeronaut traversing the longest distance within exactly one hour. Great difficulty was experienced both in starting and landing, on account of telegraph wires—a difficulty which will not be likely to be encountered on a trip to the North Pole. All the balloons finished their trips without accident, and the result achieved was a propitious beginning for the new Society.

A Naples correspondent of the *Pall Mall Gazette* gives the latest intelligence about Father Cruci. It will be remembered that Father Cruci translated the New Testament into Italian. He also took the position that the *temporal* power was not necessary to the Pope—in fact, that the Church would be better off without it. He was condemned by Pius IX. as heretical, but was reinstated by the present Pope. The fact is, that Father Cruci is an outspoken man, desirous of effecting a reform in the Church, and hopeful of success. Here is what he writes in the introduction to his translation of the New Testament:

The New Testament is the book of all others least studied and least read among us. So much so that the bulk of the laity—even of those who believe they have been instructed, and profess religion—is not aware that such a book exists in the world; and the greater part of the clergy themselves scarcely know more of it than what they are compelled to read in the Breviary and Missal.

The correspondent above referred to "interviewed" the padre, and learned that on the accession of Leo XIII. he had been invited to the Vatican, assured that the Pope longed to embrace him. His Holiness, however, received the padre in secret only, sent him a letter commendatory of his translation, and encouraged him to continue his work. He is permitted to perform Mass, but the clamor of the Jesuits and others is such that it has not yet been expedient to allow him to preach.

The Western New York Diocesan Convention, which met Sept. 21st, was honored with the presence of Bishop Herzog of the Old Catholic Church. Bishop Coxe reported confirmed, 744;

churches consecrated, 6; cornerstones laid, 4; ordained presbyters, 2; deacons, 3; clergy received, 6; transferred, 8. Deputies to the General Convention elected: The Rev. Drs. James Rankine, William Shelton, Theodore M. Bishop, the Rev. W. D. Doty, and Messrs. James M. Smith, William M. White, James H. Fisher, and John N. McComb, Jr.

The New York Convention is in session as we go to press. The Deputies to the General Convention are the Rev. Drs. Morgan Dix, A. B. Beach, E. A. Hoffman, J. Cotton Smith, and Messrs. Hamilton Fish, S. P. Nash, J. Emott, and W. S. Davies.

FRANCE.—The status of the religious orders in France may be thus described: The Jesuits have ceased to exist. The other orders publicly declare their submission to the institutions of the country, and the Government reserves to itself to put an end to the exceptional position, be that exception to their advantage or not.——On the 28th of August Pére Hyacinthe solemnized the marriage of Abbé Laine, formerly a regular priest. He congratulated the bridegroom on having raised himself above the prejudice that obliges priests either to crush their love or profane it. He held that family life was not incompatible with the duties of the priest.——M. De Freycinet has resigned. It was believed that this step was in consequence of his disagreement with his associates on the subject of enforcing the decrees. But it now appears that it was owing to his pacific course in reference to foreign matters.

NOTES AND QUERIES.

A friend wishes to know who first suggested the addition of the three opening sentences to those ordinarily printed in the *English* Prayer Books. It may not be generally known that in the American book we begin with "The Lord," while the English open service with "The wicked man."

What is the origin of the term *blue*, as applied to Presbyterians? Which calls to mind an anecdote I recently heard. Some one asked a queer Presbyterian character why they did not dress his church with evergreens at Christmas-tide. He replied "I suppose it is because they could find no blue greens."

[For the Church Monthly Magazine.]

LOOKING BACK.

Why do we look forever back
  On days that used to be?
Are there not brighter things beyond,
  If we would only see?

Why turn we as we climb the hill,
  And look o'er plains below,
And say "How fair and bright it was,
  How rough the way we go"?

What though the path be dark and steep,
  It leads us up the hill,
And we shall gaze from that fair height
  O'er country fairer still.

And we shall see with undimmed eyes
  The realm of God above,
The river of Life that floweth there,
  From the throne in the midst thereof.

And those happy days of long ago,
  Those days we thought so bright,
Grow dim beside the joys to come,
  In realms where God is light.

[From the Nursery.]

SWEET SUMMER'S GONE.

There's a purple tint on the woodland leaves,
  And the winds are up all day;
There's a rustling heard in the yellow sheaves,
  And it seems to sadly say
"Sweet Summer's gone away!"

In the wrinkled brook no roses peep,
  And the bees no longer stray,
And th butterflies have gone to sleep,
  And the locust trills all day—
  Sweet Summer's gone away!

On the browning fields the spider spins
  Where the lambs no longer play,
And the cricket now his chirp begins,
  And the quail is whistling gay—
  Sweet Summer's gone away!

There are loving arms for baby dear,
  Though the skies are chill and gray,
And a co y home-nest all the year.
  And sweet kisses every day—
  Though Summer's gone away.

—*George Cooper.*

HOLY DAYS IN OCTOBER.

St. Luke the Evangelist, Oct. 18th.

St. Luke was born in Antioch, where he was educated in all the branches of human learning. He devoted himself to the study and practice of medicine, in which profession he became eminent. He also acquired quite a reputation as a painter. It is believed that he became converted to Christianity under the preaching of St. Paul in Antioch. He joined himself to this Apostle, and the two became devotedly attached to each other. St. Paul speaks of him as the beloved physician, his fellow-laborer, and the brother whose praise is in all the churches. He went with St. Paul to Rome, where he attended him in his sickness, discharging such ministerial duties as the Apostle, on account of his confinement, was unable to perform, carrying messages to the churches, and it is believed, never leaving him until his martyrdom. The manner of St. Luke's death is uncertain.

He wrote his Gospel when in Achaia, his object being to record some passages in the Saviour's life which the other Evangelists had omitted. While he was attending St. Paul at Rome, he wrote the Acts of the Apostles. Both books are dedicated to Theophilus, who is supposed to have been a magistrate living in Achaia. It is possible, however, that the writer may have had no particular person in mind, as Theophilus means a friend of God.

The two productions of St. Luke place him in the front rank of the sacred writers, in the point of style. He is elegant, scholarly, expressive, and clear.

St. Simon and St. Jude, Oct. 28th.

St. Simon is styled in Scripture Simon Zelotes and Simon the Canaanite. It is probable, however, that the latter term was not designed to signify the place of his birth, but is the same as the word *Ka nah*, which signifies the same as *Zealot*. But even here it is uncertain whether this epithet was meant to mark his eminent zeal, or was applied to him as having formerly been a member of a sect called the Zealots. St. Simon was one of the Twelve. After Pentecost he preached the Gospel in Egypt, in Africa, and some say in Britain, and at last suffered martyrdom, though the circumstances of his death are not known.

St. Jude the Apostle was the son of Joseph, and brother of James, Bishop of Jerusalem. He is called Libbæus, and also Thaddeus—the first denoting prudence and understanding, the second zeal in praising God. In the account of the Last Supper, as given by St. John, we have this passage: "Judas (not Iscariot) saith unto Him, Lord, how is it that Thou wilt manifest Thyself to us, and not unto the world? Jesus answered, and said unto him, If a man love Me, he will keep My words; and My Father will love him, and We will come unto him and make our abode with him." It is probable that St. Jude preached in Judea, Galilee, and the neighboring countries, and at last suffered martyrdom in Persia.

These are meagre notes of two servants of the Lord, who were chosen to be His Apostles, who followed Him through His lowly and suffering life, and who in preaching His Gospel forfeited their lives. No great deeds of theirs are recorded; even the details of their work are unknown, and their fields of labor to some degree a matter of conjecture. But they did their work. They founded churches, and through their instrumentality, souls were brought to Christ here, and fitted for citizenship in the city of God above. The world can point to no monument recording their deeds. But they will have a memorial for eternity, for we read of the New Jerusalem, "The wall of the city had twelve foundations, and in them the names of the twelve Apostles of the Lamb."

Sunday School Lessons.

As recommended by the Members of the several Committees on "Uniform Sunday School Lessons," appointed by the Bishops of the Dioceses of New York, Long Island, New Jersey, Central New York, Ohio, and Southern Ohio, and by the Committees representing the Diocese of Massachusetts and the Sunday School Association of Philadelphia.

NINETEENTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

The Right Use of Money.

Text to be Learned.

TO DO GOOD AND TO COMMUNICATE FORGET NOT; FOR WITH SUCH SACRIFICES GOD IS WELL PLEASED. Heb. xiii. 16.

The Lesson—Prov. xi. 24, 25, 28, xxii. 1, xxvii. 22-27.

24. There is that scattereth, and yet increaseth; and there is that withholdeth more than is meet, but it tendeth to poverty.
25. The liberal soul shall be made fat; and he that watereth shall be watered also himself.
26. He that withholdeth corn, the people shall curse him; but blessing shall be upon the head of him that selleth it.
27. He that diligently seeketh good, procureth favor; but he that seeketh mischief, it shall come unto him.
28. He that trusteth in his riches, shall fall; but the righteous shall flourish as a branch.
1. A good name is rather to be chosen than great riches, and loving favor rather than silver and gold.
22. Though thou shouldest bray a fool in a mortar among wheat with a pestle, yet will not his foolishness depart from him.
23. Be thou diligent to know the state of thy flocks, and look well to thy herds:
24. For riches are not forever; and doth the crown endure to every generation?
25. The hay appeareth, and the tender grass showeth itself, and herbs of the mountains are gathered.
26. The lambs are for thy clothing, and the goats are the price of the field.
27. And thou shalt have goat's milk enough for thy food, for the food of thy household, and for maintenance for thy maidens.

The husbandman walks his fields bearing a burden of seed, which we see him scattering with profuse hand in every direction. No one asks why this waste? for it is not waste. He is scattering the seed, but it is that it may bring forth increase a hundredfold. Let him, however, penuriously withhold of the seed more than is meet, and the result is a scanty harvest. "It tendeth to poverty."

As a matter of experience in the affairs of the world, it is found that success depends upon the degree of energy or the amount of money expended. The youth who, looking forward to a successful career in life, would spare early efforts to qualify himself for the position, will find on taking his place that the withholding of study or practice has made him poor in attainments, and illy qualified for the station he has sought.

Especially is this true of business ventures. It might almost be said that all great successes are due to liberal outlays at first. Large sums have been sunk in laying the foundations, in bringing the enterprise before the public. Scattering here has brought abundant fruit, while withholding has led to poverty.

These are lessons which experience teaches. They are lessons of sight, not of faith. They are matters of cold prudential calculation. They are what one may practice without any reference whatever to religious obligation.

But the truth is, that there is something beside what is seen. The seen is the smaller part of the universe. And just as there is a law of business which we may see, and by experience may verify, so is there a spiritual law, a law of the unseen world, which we may learn and heed and profit by. If you had an estate to dispose of, but no legal heirs, to whom would you leave it? To a miserly, closely-calculating, sharp, and avaricious one, or to some one whose delight is to share what he has with others, and go with open purse through the world? As a simple matter of experience, who enjoy life in such a sense that it may be

said of them that they are "made fat"—the liberal or the reverse? We have known those, and we could name them now, who with no fortune of their own have gone through the world open-handed, and yet have never known what it was to lack anything. The Saviour's promise to those who forsook all to follow Him, has been verified in some most remarkable instances.

But what is this life? "It is even a vapor that appeareth for a little time, and then vanisheth away." It is but a small part of our endless existence. Deeds done now tell upon the life beyond the grave; and "they who are *rich in this world*," are charged to be ready to give and glad to distribute, laying up for themselves a good foundation against the *time to come*, that they may inherit eternal life." Riches are for this world, and this world only. He that trusteth in them, therefore, shall fall. But the use that is made of them, that may be a virtue which God will not forget in the final reward. "Give alms of thy goods, and never turn thy face from any poor man, and then the face of the Lord shall not be turned away from thee."

But without regard to a matter of recompense, whether in this world or the next, there is a personal satisfaction to be enjoyed in the possession of a good name—good for its repute for integrity, good for its repute for a noble and generous unselfishness, and especially good as the friend of those who need counsel and help. Such a one will find "loving favor" and friends when his own day of adversity comes. Such a name is better than precious ointment, "better than silver and gold."

QUESTIONS.

1. How does the farmer plant his grounds? By sowing seed.

2. If he scatters the seed plentifully, what will be the result? A plentiful harvest.

3. But what will be the result if he withholds the seed? There will be a poor harvest.

4. What may we learn from this? Verse 24.

5. What does God promise to the generous? Prov. xix. 17.

6. Repeat another promise. Prov. xi. 25.

7. What are we to infer from these? That God will bless and prosper those who unselfishly do acts of kindness and mercy.

8. How do we know that a life without charity is unacceptable to God? 1 John iii. 17.

9. What is properly implied in the word life? Our whole existence both in this world and the next.

10. If we do not obtain the fulness of God's promises in this world, what are we to expect? That they will be realized in the next.

11. What, then, is the proper use of money? So to employ it that, scattered in this world, it will bear increase in the next.

ADDITIONAL FOR THE OLDER SCHOLARS.

12. What other reading does the Hebrew admit of in chapter xi. 25? "The soul of blessing shall be made fat."

13. What does this imply? That God will prosper those who in the affairs of this world consider the wants of others as well as their own interests.

14. What are we to learn from Prov. xxvii. 22–27? That chidings and reproofs will not teach the foolish wisdom; that diligence and prudence as to worldly matters are commendable, but even the fruits of these are transitory; that God has in the course of nature from the harvest and the herd provided a maintenance for the diligent and prudent.

HYMN 299.

We give Thee but Thine own,
Whate'er the gift may be;
All that we have is Thine alone,
A trust, O Lord, from Thee.

May we Thy bounties thus
As stewards true receive,
And gladly, as Thou blessest us,
To Thee our first-fruits give.

O hearts are bruised and dead,
And homes are bare and cold,
And lambs for whom the Shepherd bled,
Are straying from the fold.

To comfort and to bless,
To find a balm for woe,
To tend the lone and fatherless,
Is angel's work below.

The captive to release,
To God the lost to bring,
To teach the way of life and peace,
It is a Christ-like thing.

And we believe Thy word,
Though dim our faith may be;
Whate'er for Thine we do, O Lord,
We do it unto Thee.

THE COLLECT.

O God, forasmuch as without Thee we are not able to please Thee, mercifully grant that Thy Holy Spirit may in all things direct and rule our hearts; through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

TWENTIETH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

Samuel as a little Child.

Text to be Learned.

EVEN A CHILD IS KNOWN BY HIS DOINGS. Prov. xx. 11.

The Lesson—1 Sam. i. 24–28, ii. 18, 19, 26.

24. And when she had weaned him, she took him up with her, with three bullocks, and one ephah of flour, and a bottle of wine, and brought him unto the house of the Lord in Shiloh; and the child was young.

25. And they slew a bullock, and brought the child to Eli.

26. And she said, O my lord, as thy soul liveth, my lord, I am the woman that stood by thee here, praying unto the Lord.

27. For this child I prayed; and the Lord hath given me my petition which I asked of Him.

28. Therefore also I have lent him to the Lord; as long as he liveth he shall be lent to the Lord. And he worshipped the Lord there.

18. But Samuel ministered before the Lord, being a child, girded with a linen ephod.

19. Moreover, his mother made him a little coat, and brought it to him from year to year, when she came up with her husband, to offer the yearly sacrifice.

26. And the child Samuel grew on, and was in favor both with the Lord and also with men.

Samuel, the great prophet and judge of Israel, was the son of Elkanah and Hannah. Before he was born his mother consecrated him to God, making to the Lord a solemn vow, "I will give him unto the Lord all the days of his life, and there shall no razor come upon his head." This vow was one of entire consecration, the mother denying herself the happiness of the lad's presence and company through all the years of his childhood. The Levites were not bound to serve at the tabernacle until they were twenty-five years old, nor after they were fifty. This little one also was to be a Nazarite, separated to God according to the law prescribed in Numbers vi.

The time for fulfilling the vow had now arrived. The child was weaned probably at the age of five or six years. It was the custom on such an event to give a feast. But the pious parents of Samuel, instead of making it an occasion of mere domestic and social rejoicing, went up to the house of the Lord and held a sacrificial feast. First, they made their offering to God. The prayer had been heard, and it was but the expression of a glad and grateful heart to go to His house, and there proclaim the fulness of their joy in the manner prescribed by the law and custom of their religion. Having performed this duty, they then acquainted Eli with the circumstances attending the birth of the child, and all rejoiced together. Eli the priest had witnessed her emotion in God's house; she, "in the bitterness of her soul, prayed unto the Lord and wept sore." And now she says to him "I am the woman that stood by thee here, praying unto the Lord. For this child I prayed; and the Lord hath given me my petition which I asked of Him. Therefore also I have lent him to the Lord; as long as he liveth he shall be lent to the Lord." The marginal reading is

"I have returned him, whom I have obtained by petition, to the Lord." Or "He whom I have obtained by petition shall be returned." The marginal reading is of equal authority with the text. And this translation conveys the idea that Hannah never regarded the lad as her own, but as belonging to the Lord, to Whom she had vowed to give him. And now that for a time the child had been placed in her care, she returns him to Whom he had been dedicated.

The child acted in some capacity assigned him—wearing, as a peculiar privilege, and perhaps to make it known to the people that he was separated especially to a sacred office in the sanctuary, a linen ephod, made after the pattern of those worn by the priests. And it must have been the one thing on which the mother's heart centered—that yearly visit to Shiloh, when coming to offer the yearly sacrifice, she bore to her holy child the little coat her tender care had provided. Thus passed his youth in the devout discharge of his sacred duties; and the child grew, like another Holy Child in after days, "in favor with God and man."

QUESTIONS.

1. At what age did the weaning of children usually take place in ancient times? From three to six years.

2. What was customary on such an occasion? To celebrate it with a feast.

3. What did the parents of Samuel do besides making a feast? They slew a bullock for a sacrifice.

4. What did Hannah say to Eli? Verses 26, 27.

5. To what did this refer? Read chap. i. verses 9–17.

6. What did Samuel do? Verse 18.

7. What was an ephod? A garment worn by those who officiated at the sanctuary.

8. What did his mother do for him? Verse 19.

9. What is said of the character of Samuel as a child? Verse 26.

10. Of what other child was almost the same thing said? Luke ii. 52.

CATECHISM.

Question. What is required of persons to be baptized?

Answer. Repentance, whereby they forsake sin; and faith, whereby they steadfastly believe the promises of God made to them in that Sacrament.

Q. Why, then, are infants baptized, when by reason of their tender age they cannot perform them?

A. Because they promise them both by their sureties, which promise, when they come to age, themselves are bound to perform.

THE COLLECT.

O Almighty and most merciful God, of Thy bountiful goodness keep us, we beseech Thee, from all things that may hurt us; that we, being ready both in body and soul, may cheerfully accomplish those things which Thou commandest; through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

TWENTY-FIRST SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

The Call of Samuel.

Text to be Learned.

"SPEAK, LORD, FOR THY SERVANT HEARETH." 1 Sam. iii. 9.

The Lesson—1 Sam. iii. 1–10.

1. And the child Samuel ministered unto the Lord before Eli. And the word of the Lord was precious in those days; there was no open vision.

2. And it came to pass at that time, when Eli was laid down in his place, and his eyes began to wax dim, that he could not see.

3. And ere the lamp of God went out in the temple of the Lord, where the ark of God was, and Samuel was laid down to sleep;

4. That the Lord called Samuel, and he answered, Here am I.

5. And he ran unto Eli, and said, Here am I; for thou calledst me. And he said, I called not; lie down again. And he went and lay down.

6. And the Lord called yet again, Samuel. And Samuel arose and went to Eli, and said, Here am I; for thou didst call me. And he answered, I called not, my son; lie down again.

7. Now Samuel did not yet know the Lord, neither was the word of the Lord yet revealed unto him.

8. And the Lord called Samuel again the third time. And he arose and went to Eli, and said, Here am I; for thou didst call me. And Eli perceived that the Lord had called the child.

9. Therefore Eli said unto Samuel, Go lie

down, and it shall be, if He call thee, that thou shalt say, Speak, Lord, for Thy servant heareth. So Samuel went and lay down in his place.

10. And the Lord came, and stood, and called as at other times, Samuel, Samuel. Then Samuel answered, Speak; for Thy servant heareth.

Special revelations, like miracles, do not come every day. Holy men of old "spake as they were moved by the Holy Ghost," and neither prophets nor apostles were at liberty to work miracles at their pleasure. We are permitted to see the reason for this. If the supernatural power were manifested every day, and upon common occasions, it would be like many things in nature, remarkable, but furnishing no evidence of any special occasion or purpose. Men could say to a prophet, this is nothing unusual, and therefore no proof that you have a special message from God. Sometimes a long period elapsed in Jewish history when "there was no open vision." At such times the "word of the Lord" was said to be "precious." It was so when Samuel, as a child, "ministered unto the Lord before Eli." The nation had become wicked, and although Eli was a good man, yet his sons were so vile that they were guilty of such conduct as to profane holy things. But God was about to bring a fearful judgment upon the nation, and upon Eli and his house. He makes Samuel the instrument of conveying the warning. Accordingly, when at the close of the day the young lad had gone to his couch, and Eli had also retired for the night, and those lesser lamps about the sanctuary, which usually burned till midnight, had not yet gone out, Samuel heard a voice calling him. Supposing it to be Eli, he went to respond. But Eli replying "I called not," he went back to his bed. A second and third time this occurred. Samuel had no thought that this could be the voice of God, for as yet he had received no communication from the Almighty. But Eli could no longer resist the conviction that here was indeed a voice from heaven. He therefore bade Samuel again retire to his cot, and if another summons should come, to say "Speak, Lord, for Thy servant heareth." Once more the supernatural voice cried "Samuel, Samuel," and the lad replied as Eli had instructed him.

QUESTIONS.

1. What is meant by the words "Samuel ministered unto the Lord before Eli?" That he acted as an assistant in the services of the sanctuary.

2. What is meant by the expression "The word of the Lord was precious in those days; there was no open vision?" That for a long time there had been no special and miraculous communication from God to man.

3. What was the custom about burning the lamps in the sanctuary? There was one lamp which was never suffered to go out. The smaller lights burned till about midnight.

4. Where did Samuel sleep? Probably in some room or alcove opening into the sanctuary.

5. Relate what happened when Samuel was laid down to sleep. Vs. 4, 5.

6. What happened the second time? Verse 6.

7. What is meant by "Samuel did not know the Lord, neither was the word of the Lord yet revealed to him?" He had never before heard the voice of God, and therefore did not know whether it was a Divine or human being speaking to him.

8. What did Eli perceive after Samuel had awakened him the third time? Verse 8, last clause.

9. What did he tell Samuel to do? Verse 9.

10. What did Samuel say when the voice was again heard? Verse 10, last clause.

CATECHISM.

Question. Why was the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper ordained?

Answer. For the continual remembrance of the sacrifice of the death of Christ, and of the benefits which we receive thereby.

Q. What is the outward part, or sign, of the Lord's Supper?

A. Bread and wine, which the Lord hath commanded to be received.

Q. What is the inward part, or thing, signified?

A. The Body and Blood of Christ, which are spiritually taken and received by the faithful in the Lord's Supper.

THE COLLECT.

Grant, we beseech Thee, merciful Lord, to Thy faithful people pardon and peace, that they may be cleansed from all their sins, and serve Thee with a quiet mind; through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

TWENTY-SECOND SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

The Death of Eli.

Text to be Learned.

A FOOLISH SON IS A GRIEF TO HIS FATHER. Prov. xvii. 25.

The Lesson—1 Sam. iv. 10–18.

10. And the Philistines fought, and Israel was smitten, and they fled every man into his tent; and there was a very great slaughter; for there fell of Israel thirty thousand footmen.

11. And the Ark of God was taken; and the two sons of Eli, Hophni and Phinehas, were slain.

12. And there ran a man of Benjamin out of the army, and came to Shiloh the same day with his clothes rent, and with earth upon his head.

13. And when he came, lo, Eli sat upon a seat by the wayside, watching; for his heart trembled for the Ark of God. And when the man came into the city, and told it, all the city cried out.

14. And when Eli heard the noise of the crying, he said, What meaneth the noise of this tumult? And the man came in hastily, and told Eli.

15. Now Eli was ninety and eight years old; and his eyes were dim, that he could not see.

16. And the man said unto Eli, I am he that came out of the army, and I fled to-day out of the army. And he said, What is there done, my son?

17. And the messenger answered and said, Israel is fled before the Philistines, and there has been also a great slaughter among the people, and thy two sons also, Hophni and Phinehas, are dead, and the Ark of God is taken.

18. And it came to pass, when he made mention of the Ark of God, that he fell from off the seat backward by the side of the gate, and his neck brake, and he died; for he was an old man, and heavy. And he had judged Israel forty years.

In the second chapter we have an account of the wickedness of Eli's sons, and of the curse which God had in consequence pronounced upon that priest, in which were the words "And this shall be a sign unto thee—that shall come upon thy two sons, on Hophni and Phinehas; in one day they shall die, both of them." To the child Samuel the Lord also appeared, confirming the former warning, and saying "Behold, I will do a thing in Israel at which both the ears of every one that heareth it shall tingle. In that day I will perform against Eli all things which I have spoken concerning his house; when I begin I will also make an end." The time had now arrived for the fulfilment of the prophecy.

In a battle the Israelites were smitten before the Philistines. Filled with consternation at the result, the Israelites, without consulting Samuel, or waiting for Divine permission, determined to bring the Ark of the Covenant from Shiloh to the scene of the battle, believing that its presence would save them, as it had saved their fathers under Joshua. But the result was that they were again discomfited, Hophni and Phinehas were slain, and the Ark of God was borne away by the triumphant Philistines. Eli, old, infirm, and blind, was awaiting in Shiloh tidings of the battle. A man of the tribe of Benjamin, with his clothes rent, and earth upon his head, ran to the city and proclaimed the tidings. A cry of anguish went up from the inhabitants, and it reached the ears of Eli. The bearer of the sad tidings presented himself at the call of the aged priest, and being questioned, told the fearful story that there had been a defeat, a flight, a great slaughter, that his sons Hophni and

Phinehas had been slain, and the Ark of God taken by the enemy. Overcome by the tidings, the old man fell backward, his neck was broken, and he died.

QUESTIONS.

1. In what place had the Ark of God been kept? In Shiloh.

2. How came it in the place where the battle was fought? The Israelites being defeated, thought that the presence of the Ark of God would save them.

3. Had the Ark of God been taken to battle before? Yes.

4. Give an example. When Joshua and the Israelites marched against Jericho.

5. Who, on the occasion mentioned in the lesson, went with the Ark? The two sons of Eli, Hophni and Phinehas.

6. Why did they accompany it? Because they were priests, and their business was to take care of the Ark.

7. Did the presence of the Ark save them? No.

8. What happened? Verse 11.

9. What is meant by a man of Benjamin? A man of the tribe of Benjamin.

10. Why were his clothes rent, and why was earth upon his head? These were the signs of very great sorrow and trouble.

11. Where was Eli? On a seat by the wayside, waiting for news from the battle, "for his heart trembled for the Ark of God."

12. How old was Eli? Verse 15.

13. Repeat the conversation between Eli and the man of Benjamin. Verses 16, 17.

14. What then happened? Vs. 18.

ADDITIONAL FOR THE OLDER SCHOLARS.

15. The Ark had on former occasions accompanied the army to war, as assurance of God's presence with His people. For what reason may we suppose that disaster befel them on this occasion? The Divine permission to take the Ark was not given. The people were not at this time faithfully serving God, and for their sins and the sins of Eli and his family, He forsook them.

CATECHISM.

Question. What are the benefits whereof we are partakers thereby?

Answer. The strengthening and refreshing of our souls by the Body and Blood of Christ, as our bodies are by the bread and wine.

Q. What is required of those who come to the Lord's Supper?

A. To examine themselves, whether they repent them truly of their former sins, steadfastly purposing to lead a new life; have a lively faith in God's mercy through Christ, with a thankful remembrance of His death; and be in charity with all men.

THE COLLECT.

Lord, we beseech Thee, to keep Thy household the Church in continual godliness; that through Thy protection it may be free from all adversities, and devoutly given to serve Thee in good works, to the glory of Thy name; through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

TWENTY-THIRD SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

Samuel as Judge.

Text to be Learned.

"BY THE BLESSING OF THE UPRIGHT THE CITY IS EXALTED." PROV. xi. 11.

The Lesson—1 Sam. vii. 7–15.

7. And when the Philistines heard that the children of Israel were gathered together to Mizpeh, the lords of the Philistines went up against Israel; and when the children of Israel heard it, they were afraid of the Philistines.

8. And the children of Israel said to Samuel, Cease not to cry unto the Lord our God for us, that He will save us out of the hand of the Philistines.

9. And Samuel took a sucking lamb, and offered it for a burnt-offering wholly unto the Lord; and Samuel cried unto the Lord for Israel; and the Lord heard him.

10. And as Samuel was offering up the burnt-offering, the Philistines drew near to battle against Israel; but the Lord thundered with a great thunder on that day upon the Philistines, and discomfited them, and they were smitten before Israel.

11. And the men of Israel went out of Mizpeh, and pursued the Philistines, and smote them, until they came under Beth-car.

12. Then Samuel took a stone, and set it between Mizpeh and Shen, and called the name of it Eben-ezer, saying, Hitherto hath the Lord helped us.

13. So the Philistines were subdued, and they came no more into the coast of Israel; and the hand of the Lord was against the Philistines, all the days of Samuel.

14. And the cities which the Philistines had taken from Israel were restored to Israel, from Ekron even unto Gath, and the coasts thereof, did Israel deliver out of the hands of the Philistines; and there was peace between Israel and the Amorites.

15. And Samuel judged Israel all the days of his life.

The Ark of God which the Philistines had captured, had been returned to the Israelites, and placed in Kirjath-Jearim. Here Samuel, as a prophet of God, promised the people that if they would return to their allegiance, and put away the false deities, the Lord would deliver them out of the hand of the Philistines. In accordance with this, the Israelites did put away "Balim and Ashtaroth," the gods of the surrounding nations, and "served the Lord only." Samuel, satisfied of the penitence of the nation, and of the sincerity of their purpose to amend, gathered all the tribes together at Mizpeh for a solemn service of dedication to God.

But the Philistines, hearing of this assemblage, and fearing no doubt lest there might be a rising and an endeavor to regain the ascendancy, and after past experience, no longer standing in fear of the Ark of God, went up against them. Nor had the Israelites forgotten that disaster when they fled before the enemy. They were now greatly alarmed, and begged Samuel to pray for their deliverance. Samuel offered sacrifice and prayed, and his supplication was answered. The Philistines came upon them, but "the Lord thundered with a great thunder on that day upon the Philistines, and discomfited them." They were smitten and put to flight by the Israelites. In commemoration of this deliverance, and in token of the restoration of the Divine favor to the chosen people, Samuel erected a monument of stone, to which he gave the name Ebenezer, meaning the rock of help, saying "hitherto hath the Lord helped us."

This was the end of the forty years' oppression mentioned in Judges xiii. 1. From this time forward until the close of the life of Samuel, the Philistines no more ventured within the boundaries of the nation. Not only so, but those cities which the Philistines had wrested from Israel were recovered. In the prayers of Samuel as a righteous man, in his uprightness as judge, and in the renewal of the allegiance of the people to their God, was secured the return of the Divine favor.

QUESTIONS.

1. How came the children of Israel to be at Mizpeh at this time? Vs. 5.

2. What did the lords of the Philistines do, and what was the consequence? Verse 7.

3. What did the Israelites ask Samuel to do? Verse 8.

4. What did Samuel do? Verse 9.

5. What happened then? Verse 10.

6. What was the result of the battle? Verse 11.

7. What did Samuel then do? Verse 12.

8. How long was the hand of the Lord against the Philistines? All the days of Samuel.

9. What do we understand from the statement that there was peace between Israel and the Amorites? The Philistines had oppressed Israel in the West, and the Amorites in the East, but now there was peace on all sides.

10. How long did Samuel judge Israel? Verse 15.

CATECHISM.

Repeat the Creed.

THE COLLECT.

O God, our refuge and strength, Who art the author of all godliness, be ready, we beseech Thee, to hear the devout prayers of Thy Church; and grant that those things which we ask faithfully, we may obtain effectually; through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.